THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CATHOLIC DUTY

AS GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT returns from his nation-wide campaign tour, and President Hoover begins his own appearances on the stump, it becomes clearly evident that economic issues have become predominant above all others, and that the result of the elections in November will indicate not the settlement of these economic issues but rather the real beginning of the most momentous social struggle ever seen in America. We believe that this will be the case no matter who wins. As we write, it seems as certain as anything concerned with politics can be that Roosevelt will win. It is freely confessed by many of the most astute Republican leaders and publicists that only a really tremendous upswing in business, accompanied by a return of many million idle workers to their jobs could restore the ordinary strength of the Republicans in national elections. Such a revival, on such a scale, seems absolutely impossible.

All notions that Governor Roosevelt was merely a sort of genteel William Jennings Bryan, with a heart overflowing with generous sympathy for the under dog in the economic struggle, but very vague in the head as to how to express his sympathy, and that he was merely the figure-head of a group of wild and windy demagogues, are no longer tenable. Governor Roosevelt's three main speeches in the West—the one on agriculture, in Kansas, that on public utilities, in Portland, Oregon, and that before the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco—have shattered all such trivial weapons used against him. He definitely, very brilliantly, and with a highly welcome strength, proved that he is himself a real leader. What he stands for is made plain. It is for the thoroughgoing defense and development and perpetuation of economic democracy. As much as President Hoover, but in a very different fashion, he accepts the main principles of the traditional Western European and American economic system. His policy toward it is liberal and humane. President Hoover's policy is conservative, in the narrow sense of that term —that is to say, in the sense which makes conservatism practically synonymous with upholding things as they are, and opposing instinctively, as well as reasonably, nearly all suggestions of change or fundamental reform. But both men, and both their parties, are remote, personally, and as party leaders, from any affiliation with revolutionary forces.

We think that the same thing is true concerning Norman Thomas and his Socialist party. It is true

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that Mr. Thomas, in his own words, considers that the Republican and Democratic parties are "merely glass bottles with different labels, and both of them empty of any medicine for the sickness of our times." And it is also true that he and his fellow Socialists honestly consider that their party contains the true remedy. But Socialism, wherever, as in the United States, England, Germany or elsewhere, it remains content to follow the traditional, democratic process of legislation as the means to effect its program of a coöperative commonwealth, and abstains from expropriation, has never and cannot possibly ever do more than to bring about incidental changes, some good, and others bad, in the prevailing system. The vote for Socialism this fall, therefore, while it will probably alarm many conservatives by its increase, will merely be a further proof of the profound dissatisfaction with economic systems, with economic leaders and with political systems and leaders that is awake in this country. That dissatisfaction will not be allayed by an increased Socialist vote; nor by a victory for the conservative forces led by Mr. Hoover, or the liberal forces led by Mr. Roosevelt. It will and must continue to grow and to find many modes of expression, ranging from omens of violence to fantastic schemes of reconstruction, during the next administration, whether Republican or Democratic. Indeed, it will go on through many administrations to come; for the world is in a crisis, and the United States is a major factor of that crisis.

Catholics, we believe, whether they follow the conservative standard of Mr. Hoover, as many highly influential Catholics do, or the liberal flag of Mr. Roosevelt, which more numerously they follow, or whether they incline to more radical measures than are offered by either of the major parties, must—or, at least, they certainly ought to—unite in agreeing upon one great principle, as Catholics, and in the light of that principle guide their political actions. And that principle is that human rights are integrally superior to material, property rights. That principle is laid down for all Catholics by the unimpeachable authority of their Church. It follows from that principle that economics, and political actions having to do with economics, must be judged, and ultimately controlled, by ethical laws. Religion, therefore, cannot possibly be separated from economics, or politics that deal with economics. The Catholic Church, through its teachings, and because of the effect of those teachings on those who accept them as just and effective—as reasonable non-Catholics may do, equally with Catholics, when they come to know and understand and apply them—will play a great and beneficent part in the crisis in America, if, and when, the Catholic laity awaken to what the Church has been teaching with full vigor in this country since the World War ended. As yet, the laity has not awakened; but we think that the awakening is at hand. Many times we have heard individual lay people criticize or even condemn the inaction of the clergy, both high and low, in regard to the promulgation of Christian sociology. But that fact is only one more proof of the strange indifference of the laity itself. It does not notice facts even when they stare them in the face. Here are a few of those facts:

In their joint pastoral letter issued in 1919, the American bishops, as a body, spoke out clearly and unmistakably, defining the economic struggle, which so largely was responsible for the cataclysm of the war, as "first of all a moral and religious matter," and affirming trenchantly the teachings laid down by Pope Leo XIII. In the same year, a special committee of the bishops offered a reconstruction program to the study of the public, particularly the Catholic portion of the public. In pursuance of their purpose as the leaders and teachers of their people, the bishops set up a special department of their own organization, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, to deal with social problems. This department set up a system of regional and district conferences which have met in all parts of the country. Aided by the federated societies of men and women of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and by the press department, study clubs were organized and an extensive pamphlet literature distributed. Year after year, the bishops called the attention of their clergy and their laity to this vast and well-organized work of education. In short, the Church, as a Church, in this country has done its duty well.

But what of the individual members of the Church? Without exaggerating the matter, and bearing in mind much good work that has been done, it may yet be said that by far the larger number of precisely those Catholics who ought to be in this crusade of Christian justice—industrial, labor, professional, journalistic, educational, business leaders—ignored it, or never learned about it. The movement has not become that great, vital, nation-wide, growing thing which it must become if Catholicism is to play its proper part in the great struggle that has come. It surely is a Catholic duty to enter that struggle. But only by individual doing of that duty can a corporate crusade become a reality. Catholics, awake—before it is too late!

WEEK BY WEEK

Sparks from the Anvil

EVERYBODY who wasn't born yesterday realizes that political campaigns are in large measure fought with political weapons—that is, not with the ideas and practical measures suggested in addresses but by shrewd bargaining with "leaders" for advantages of one kind or another. The hope of reward fosters about two-thirds of the activity indulged in by the engineers of American political life. No doubt the only possible way in which this situation could be altered would be successful galvanizing into life of the indifferent voter. This voter is often deeply interested in the nation's business, but convinced that the ballot gives him no opportunity to express that in-

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terest intelligently. Will he stir from his retirement this year? That depends, one thinks, upon the impression finally left by Mr. Roosevelt in the week preceding election. Just at present, we gage the situation as follows. The Democratic candidate has earned a great deal of esteem missing at the begining of the fight, and the party machine behind him has developed very surprising momentum. But a doubt remains in many minds. What is the nature of the group to whom Mr. Roosevelt is indebted, and concerning some of whom suspicion is entertained? This query the Governor alone cannot satisfactorily answer. The country is interested in seeing and hearing from other Democrats.

GERMANY'S attack upon the existing interpretation of disarmament clauses in the Versailles Treaty brought to a focus most of the resentment which has been felt in the Reich during the past ten years. By that treaty the German use of military power was limited and defined in a way which almost any pacifist would approve. Meanwhile, however, the former Allied powers have not carried out their agreement to disarm in like manner. Their failure to do so has been the theme of orations and diplomatic maneuvers beyond number. But recently the Von Papen government took the bull by the horns and suggested an alternative: either the disarmament conference must resolve to see Europe abide by the Versailles agreement, or Germany will find it expedient to rearm. This step must not be interpreted as the sudden defiance of a "militaristic" Cabinet. For several years the Hitler movement has gained strength by clamoring for a big army and navy, designed both to furnish employment and to elevate the prestige of the Fatherland. As a result, the German government's move ought to be interpreted as a concession to nationalism justified by an endeavor to deflate Hitler. It was quite obvious, however, that France would not agree to any such suggestion; and the decision of Great Britain to support Herriot virtually slammed the door in Germany's face. All this is eminently natural and not too disturbing. Everybody knew that Berlin would sooner or later have to make some such move. At most one can say that the British action was a bit surprising and that it probably means disapproval of the existing German government.

Europe in Uproar

QUITE alarming, on the other hand, were newspaper reports to the effect that the American Ambassador in Paris had committed himself—and by implication his government—to support of the French thesis. That would have been juridically and politically calamitous. The United States has not signed the Versailles Treaty, and there is neither precedent nor reason to justify any such action as Mr. Edge is reputed to have taken. One hopes that the truth of the matter will be diligently and relentlessly ferreted out. Meanwhile President Hoover acted effectively to pour oil on troubled waters by addressing a frank note to the German government, in which the United States officially disclaimed all intent to concern itself with the equality issue, reaffirmed its interest in effecting a more complete disarmament, and suggested that it would be pleased if Germany decided to remain with the conference. We find this document wholly sane and admirable, though we have long since been of the conviction that disarming Europe under existing conditions is about the toughest job anybody could undertake. It remains to be seen whether the German government has committed hari-kari by this frontal attack. That depends upon the actual strength of nationalist sentiment, as distinguished from mere protest sentiment.

THERE are two items of recent news which we believe should be matters of record. Their implications are so obvious, that editorial comment is unnecessary though the implications are many and of grave importance. The first was the report of Gordon L. Hofstetter of the National Municipal League at a recent conference on government held in Washington, that crime is annually costing the United States more than the cost of carrying on the World War. In Chicago, where Mr. Hofstetter is executive director of the Employers' Association, the yearly extortion toll, he said, is equal to the entire cost of the government of the city. Business and labor leaders seeking to create a monopoly for themselves and a favored few, venal politicians and the underworld he has found allied to mulct the citizen who has not subscribed to the slogan of racketeering, "Only saps work." The companion item was the report of a group of industrial engineers who are coöperating with the industrial engineering department of Columbia University and the architects' emergency committee of New York, that on a production basis the American worker is the poorest paid in the world. In comparison with the American worker, the report declares, the Chinese coolie is richly rewarded for what he produces. In short, our present social organization based on production enormously increased by mechanical inventions and improvements in methods is in its dark ages. It is in a confused, misunderstood and conflicting state, while the number of those who understand the fundamentals necessary for its improvement are unfortunately as yet a minority too small to be effective.

Wages of Stupidity

IN REFUSING to renew the licenses of the burlesque houses which have had so large a share in promoting the spectacular deterioration of Broadway, Mayor McKee performed a double service. He removed an active nuisance and offense, and he laid down, in a few crisp, characteristic words, an excellent covering rule for all matters involving public censorship. We ourselves are among the multitudes of citi-

Public Decency

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zens who heartily defend the principle of censorship, as being both necessary and right, and who yet sadly confess to almost never seeing that principle sensibly, or even defensibly, exercised. At one pole stands the fanatical forbidder—fanatical either in maintaining a narrow and prudish standard, or, oftener, in trying to enforce a general conformity to all the details of his own legitimate, it may be even admirable, moral code. At the other pole is the lax or corrupt official: he either does not understand, or care, that money can be made by offering the public pornography, or he actively connives at this degradation, for some material advantage accruing to himself. Mayor McKee takes the healthy middle ground, that marks good individual judgment and defines good public morals. He disclaims the reformer, holding that character to be both unjustified and silly, since "things that shock one generation will bore the next." But he sturdily invokes something that we all know is there—the common standard of public decency, that none of us needs to define in order to feel when it is transgressed. He is right as to the fact, and doubly right in the instinct behind this appeal.

On Drinking in Public

TO DRINK or not to drink has consistently been a problem of will I, won't I, rather than one settled by a simple I can't. What has been altered is the manner of drinking, and now there are varied plans for affecting the manner again when prohibition shall have been repealed. These seem to have a common objective, to prevent the return of the saloon. This is a phrase that qualifies all formulas for an open and regulated enjoyment of the wines and beer and liquors that through centuries of civilized usage have graced sociable occasions. A state dispensing system in which drinking would be forbidden on premises where beverages have been purchased is most frequently urged. This has many arguments in its favor and certainly under a wise decentralization of government there should be no objections to any states, that should so desire, trying the system and finding out just how it works. However, while there is yet time for discussion of the whole problem, before rigid actualities with their cumulative diversity of troubling details are upon us, we should like to suggest a consideration that appears too much neglected. This is not, how are the abuses of alcoholic drink to be prevented, but how are its most amiable usages to be secured. We believe that a good solution of this second aim will go far to solve the difficulties of the first.

LOOKING about us on the globe, we see the beer garden and the al fresco café as among the fairest oases in a hurried, worried world. They would be practically prohibited by a dispensing system. Hotels and cafés might invite patrons to bring their bottled goods with them, but this would be unlikely and unlovely in practice. A scene of communal gaiety, where prices were not too high, where music or the-in-itself-stimulating hubbub of conversation would frankly announce that here was a place where people were not afraid to renounce their serious cares for a little recreation, where stay-at-homes could venture occasionally to *voir le monde* as that expression is used in its minor and specific sense of simply looking at other people, other faces and manners, styles and various wants of style—certainly not a great important thing to do, but a harmless, exteriorizing one that has the subtle benefit described by those who practise it with a just phrase, "ça change les idées" —where the Viennese waltzes and other light music relax the tightened nerves of the earnest life that is sometimes too much with us, is this something which we can never hope to have at home? From the collection of authentic information, we are firmly persuaded that never has drunkenness marred such places. And this substantiates our plea that in a right positive attitude toward the problem will be found one of the best solutions of possible abuses.

Those Who Should Not Drive

IT IS heartening to observe that the public airing long overdue is being given to the case of the inefficient or dangerous private motorist. That he exists among us in numbers, doing a great deal of damage, and often prevented from doing a great deal more by nothing, seemingly, except the interposition of his overworked guardian angel, those of us with eyes to see and legs to leap know only too well. But he is being dealt with at last—not through the medium of isolated protests at this piece of recklessness or that tragedy, but with a spontaneous universality that should produce definite results. The public, as Lincoln said in quite different words, will stand any abuse only just so long; and now, quite suddenly, editorials, statistics and detailed discussions are being brought to bear on the wrong kind of driver. He is being analyzed into his component parts, and each part is being duly prescribed for. A different, and firmer, public opinion must certainly ensue, to mold him somewhat nearer the heart's desire, or, that failing, to take his car away from him.

THE RELATION between his half-crazy habit of speed, and the building of more and more powerful cars to feed that habit, has come under a good deal of scrutiny: most lately and most effectively, that of Mr. Curtis Billings, of the National Safety Council, in the October *Atlantic*. An even more fundamental aspect of his problem is now being dragged to light by Dr. Theron Kilmer, of the New York State Association of Chiefs of Police. Numbers of him, says Dr. Kilmer, are absolutely unfit, physically, to drive a car. Aside from the fact that tests are often so perfunctory and incomplete as to pass over certain serious deficiencies altogether, there is another, more glaring leak in the system. Countless drivers who passed their tests and got their licenses long ago have been permitted to renew them at stated intervals by mail ever since: a

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patently illogical state of things, which allows all sorts of disabling infirmities to develop and yet go undetected. Dr. Kilmer lists a few that he himself has observed: shell-shock, specific deafness, eye conditions; and "defects of the muscular and nervous systems, affections of the heart, lungs, kidneys and blood vessels which make them [the drivers] a danger to their families and all others upon the public highway." These findings hardly come as a surprise to the thoughtful student of common or garden motoring; idiotic miscalculations and appalling risks are a very ordinary feature of that exercise, and there is indeed a kind of comfort in learning that they do not all proceed from brute carelessness. But, more than this, such formulations entail prompt action. Is there any reason why general license laws should not be tightened up?

Canadian Catholics

THE CANADIAN BUREAU OF STATISTICS has just issued a bulletin giving, by provinces, the number of adherents in the dominion, of the various religious denominations, as indicated by the returns of the Census of 1931. From this it appears that Catholics form by far the largest religious body. Out of a total population of 10,376,786, the number of Roman Catholics is given as 4,098,546, and of Greek Catholics as 186,587, making a total Catholic population of 4,285,133. The dominion statistician persists in treating Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics as two separate religions, although, as we are informed, it was fully explained to him by a committee of Catholic bishops, appointed by the hierarchy for the purpose, that Greek Catholics belong to the Catholic Church, owe allegiance to the Pope, by whom their bishops are appointed, and differ from their Latin brethren only in such unessentials as liturgy and liturgical language. In consequence of this arbitrary division, Catholics appear to constitute only 39.48 percent of the population, whereas, including Greek Catholics, the figure should be 41.45 percent.

THE GREEK CATHOLICS are chiefly Ukrainian, but include as well a comparatively small number of Syrian Melkites. Notwithstanding the name (which is in fact a misnomer) they do not include any of Greek nationality. While there are Greeks in Greece and Turkey who are Catholics of the Oriental Rite, none of them are to be found in Canada. The bulk of the Catholic population is, naturally, to be found in the Province of Quebec, where there are 2,458,283 Latin and 4,862 Greek Catholics, but they constitute an important element in the population of each of the provinces. In Ontario, for instance, there are 715,848 Latin and 28,742 Greek Catholics, and in Manitoba 122,982 of the former and 66,671 of the latter. Greek Catholics are represented in every one of the provinces and territories but are most numerous in the Prairie Provinces where, besides the 66,671 in Manitoba, there are 44,265 in Saskatchewan and 37,500 in Alberta.

Standard of Living

WE HAVE been treated in our times to the suggestion for the solution of our economic ills that every third row of corn and cotton should be plowed under, that wheat should be burned and that cows should be killed—these suggestions coming not while plenty, or surfeit, marks our people but while widespread poverty is upon us. It is a topsy-turvy suggestion (to use the most innocuous description), even when the alleged hard practicalities of price raising are explained. Now we have its logical sequel, the Governor of one of our conquered provinces, Governor James R. Beverley of Porto Rico, official appointee of our federal administration, suggesting that human life be prevented for the improvement of economic conditions in Porto Rico. The Governor before this has stressed his opinion of the need for birth control and he now gives it urgency with the hard logic of statistics. Admitting even that the statistics are not weighted by sincere bureaucrats who envisage their effect on the future appropriations of a paternalistic congress, and therefore, as regards their own enlightened selfishness, more and better jobs, the arresting of human life we believe is a harsh and unnatural importation for the natives.

FROM MR. LIPPMANN TO KANSAS

POLITICAL campaigns are like attacks of gout. For those who take an active interest in the fate of a candidate or party, no heresy smells viler than straightforward partizan unorthodoxy. It is curious, moreover, that the noxious odor is intensified after September first, and reaches the greatest heights of offensive pungency a week prior to the election. During the summer one is still permitted to offer criticisms, make satirical remarks and confess to a superior knowledge of events. Then gradually prudence counsels a retreat into the territory of silence, until by November impartiality becomes just another word for mineral water. Concerning all this we have recently been given a most amusing instance.

Mr. Walter Lippmann is the nearest thing we have to a professor-at-large of American affairs. During recent months he has occupied a chair quite his own in the New York *Herald Tribune,* which is a very good Republican newspaper. It has been quite clear all along, however, that the rest of the paper is considerably more Republican than is Mr. Lippmann. His concise, calmly discursive, conservative-but-with-reservations daily lecture has thrilled the busy commuter even when indulging in a little higher criticism of the President. But since the campaign has gone into September, all is different. The *Herald Tribune* publishes, in its issue of the sixteenth of that fateful month, a bundle of letters which combine anger with wounded love. Perhaps the immediate occasion for this outburst was Mr. Lippmann's disdainful summary of a paper written by ex-President Coolidge for the *Satur-*

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day Evening Post; but the emotion ran deeper and brought up the important query, "What ought a good Republican be given to read?"

Well, according to these correspondents, certainly not professor Lippmann. One writer—"A Republican"—asserts that the professor is "a man whose stock in trade has become so consistently sour and critical that the effect of his writings is hindmost rather than foremost," whatever that may mean. For Mr. A. R. Flint his articles "are unpardonable in a Republican newspaper." And Mr. A. E. Payson suggests that he be made the beneficiary of "a moratorium." It is, of course, easy to see why a commentator runs foul of irate opinion. A good party man is an individual who believes that his candidate knows more about the business of government than anybody else. But a critic like Mr. Lippmann inevitably gives the impression that being above the parties he is also superior to them. He can't help it. Every good Aristotelian must find the golden mean, which implies: since every issue raises two points of view, and therefore two parties, wisdom lies in finding the ground midway between. This golden mean is a fine and useful thing, but it must be accepted at no more than face value. We think that Heywood Broun is right when he accuses Mr. Lippmann of sometimes occupying a half-way house that is likewise a morgue. Yet be it repeated that worth-while discussion involves all these attitudes and distinctions. The world needs every one of them, and it was a great day for journalism when the *Herald Tribune* agreed to so fundamental a proposition.

Now, however, we find ourselves also in the mood to indite a rejoinder to Mr. Lippmann on the ground not that he has been too Aristotelian but that he has been insufficiently so. On September 14 Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt delivered an address at Topeka, Kansas, on the subject of the reform of agriculture. With the specific merits of this speech we are not concerned. Whether Mr. Roosevelt was right in accusing the Republicans of studied indifference to the farmer—or whether, again, the merits of his own Democratic ideas are evident—happens to interest us not at all just now. It should, perhaps, merely be stated that the Hoover administration, forced to deal with monetary and fiscal problems of the gravest sort, could hardly have worked itself free to deal with rural problems in the manner these deserve.

At any rate, Mr. Lippmann commented (September 14): "Thus he [Governor Roosevelt] proposes to raise staple prices above the world prices, but only in such a way as 'will not stimulate further production' and 'will not cause our European customers to retaliate on the ground of dumping.' At the same time 'the plan must be, in so far as possible, voluntary.' And it must 'finance itself.' Now if there exists a plan for raising domestic prices above world prices which will not stimulate production, will not involve dumping the surplus, will be largely voluntary, and will not cost the Treasury anything, that is the most desirable plan ever devised by man. What is it? It cannot be the McNary-Haugen bill or the debenture scheme, for they certainly involve dumping and almost certainly they would stimulate production."

Now then, of course this scheme is not that sponsored by McNary-Haugenites. The measure which this bill incorporates was only the rough draft of a plan which hoped to revive the farm industry by raising prices which could then be stabilized by tariffs. It assumed that the rhythm of American production would remain the same, or indeed hardly reckoned with production at all. The plan which is at the back of Mr. Roosevelt's mind is obviously the "Domestic Allotment Plan," to which most of our rural students have come round and which Professor M. L. Wilson briefly described in an excellent radio talk last April. While the idea has not yet been worked out in sufficient detail to stand the test of every criticism, and has aroused opposition among some farmers, it seems to many of us the soundest notion yet put forward to aid agriculture in an era of tariffs. Briefly stated, the plan suggests allotting to farmers a certain amount of grain as their share of the total national requirement. Since only the quantity thus allotted can be sold, a form of price insurance is established while a check is afforded on export grain which might be "dumped" in an objectionable manner on the world market. That market in turn would influence grain prices in the United States to the same extent that all tariff-governed commodities do.

This plan needs criticism, and we should like to see Mr. Lippmann give it a thorough inspection. One is a little disconcerted at finding that New York's leading commentator on public affairs seems either never to have heard of it, or to consider it unworthy of his notice. If he is still living in the age of McNary-Haugen, the average metropolitan citizen is doubtless dwelling in the ice age so far as rural problems are concerned. And vice versa. That is our biggest national problem. The electorate which supports a government is supposed to have some intelligent interest in the problems which confront the people as a whole. As a matter of fact, however, each section has its own concerns and is quite blithely indifferent to being specific on matters which lie beyond its scope.

No doubt a great deal of this interlocking unconcern is here to stay. For this reason the doctrine of states' rights is important. They must be taken to mean no mere transfer of duties from Washington to some other legislative center, but a use of constitutional regional authority to develop coöperative effort where there exists a more or less territorially limited community of interests. Such a development agriculture badly needs. Cotton must be thought of, for example, as cotton and not as a vague "commodity." But rural life is so nation-wide in scope and so fundamental to every sort of projected industrial recovery that it also has permanent status as a national issue, to be studied as closely and thought about as diligently as the tariff itself.

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THE CAMPAIGN AND ITS MEANING

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

With the campaign waxing apace, Mr. Thompson—whose views must not be identified with those of the editors—sees a "very evident trend toward Democratic victory. It seems to him, however, that public opinion generally overstresses the importance of the presidential candicacy and that the vital importance of congressional elections is disregarded. Thus he hazards this prediction regarding the soldiers' bonus: "It makes no difference who is elected President, because before he takes his seat the bonus bill will be passed by the outgoing Congress." And finally, the issue is "hard times."—The Editors.

THE VERY evident trend toward Democratic victory in November makes it necessary to call attention to certain election features which never are considered, but ought to be. The Democrats are not likely merely to elect Mr. Roosevelt. They will surely elect a Democratic House and Senate. So far as the affairs of the individual citizen are concerned, this is vastly more important than the choice of a President, for it affects his life deeply and permanently. In this particular year it directly affects his pocket-book, as it always does; but the state of business and labor in 1932 makes the touching of the individual's affairs, especially of "the pocket nerve," a more dire subject than it has been since the "panic of 1893." Yet it is not possible to make the voter think or talk about this subject, except secondarily; his talk is all about the Presidency, though the President has far less influence on his personal welfare than the Congress elected at the same time.

The reason may be that two very strong men who occupied the Presidency, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, often succeeded in compelling Congress to do what it did not want to do. And as a result a sort of myth has grown up in the popular imagination, according to which the President can bend Congress to his will. No President since Andrew Jackson, a hundred years ago, has ever done it, and even Jackson did not triumph over Congress until near the end of his administration. Cleveland was a strong man, but his struggles with Congress almost invariably ended in defeat of the most humiliating kind. For example, he had been elected on a platform promising tariff reform and tried to fulfil the promise, but the bill which the Democratic Congress enacted was in fact a trust-tariff measure. His only success, the repeal of the Sherman silver purchase law in 1893, was obtained by Republican votes, not by any control of his over his own party in Crongress.

The times when Roosevelt and Wilson failed to control Congress have been forgotten; for instance, when Wilson vetoed prohibition and Congress repassed it over the veto the same day. In the three last administrations Congress has often flouted the recommendations and wishes of the three Presidents, and when it did not flout them it was only because the President's wishes and those of Congress happened to coincide.

At present there is no doubt that the Democrats will elect the next House in November. The only doubt hangs over the Senate, where the Republicans have a majority of only one vote, and that vote is assured them solely by the fact that Senator Shipstead, elected on a Farmer-Labor ticket, has hitherto voted with them on most questions. Theoretically this makes the Senate doubtful in November, or at least more doubtful than the House. But the chances favor the Democratic candidates in so many states that any half-way intelligent calculator will concede the Senate to them as well as the House. Nowhere do the chances favor a turnover to the Republican candidate that could possibly offset the Democratic changes which November will make.

This is not all. The Congress elected in November will not take office until March; but all history shows that the short session of the outgoing Congress in the brief interim is invariably responsive to the result recorded by the popular vote. This short session seldom does much more than mark time, but when it does enact any legislation other than routine, it is in accordance with what the people have shown they want, in the November election. Every outgoing congressman has hopes for the future, and will not jeopardize them by defying the popular will as expressed at the polls.

Take, as an example, the question of the bonus. It makes no difference who is elected President, because before he takes his seat the bonus bill will be passed by the outgoing Congress. That matter was settled when the American Legion Convention voted for it by ten to one. Ex-Governor Smith demanded that the two presidential candidates state what they would do about it, and within twenty-four hours President Hoover answered. He will veto it. Governor Roosevelt has taken longer to answer, but it does not matter. The bill will go through, and if it is vetoed it will be repassed over the veto. Congress has already repassed one bonus bill over President Hoover's veto. In 1932 the House passed the bill; the Senate did not, but for reasons perfectly well understood which no longer apply. It is estimated that this bill will take $2,400,000 out of the Treasury, but as opposed to that consideration the hard fact is that each senator and representative, whether reëlected or defeated, has his personal political future to look out for. As for the tariff, Democratic congressmen always vote for high tariffs whatever Democratic Presidents may desire.

Another instance is prohibition. Early in this series of articles it was predicted that prohibition, though the main topic at the two conventions, would take second place as the compaign went on, and that the hard times

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would be the first topic. Already this prediction has been fulfilled. Prohibition is an issue, but a secondary one. The questions of business recovery and employment come first.

The wets pointed to the Maine election as a victory, but the facts do not bear them out. Maine has three members of Congress, and two of them were beaten by Democrats. These two evaded the issue. The only one of the three who was reëlected was Carroll L. Beedy, who was outspokenly dry; and his district was one of the two which were known as wet even in the days when Maine was the only prohibition state in the Union. The Democratic Governor-elect immediately issued, through a newspaper syndicate, a statement of the reasons why he had won, and they were that the Republican state government at Augusta had angered the voters by high taxation and overexpenditure. Later, when he put himself in the hands of the Democratic national committee as a stump-speaker, he talked about national issues, but he could not have gone on the stump without doing that. His first statement was spontaneous and may be taken as representing his opinion.

There is something pathetic about the way in which thousands of people evidently believe that the retention or abolition of the Eighteenth Amendment depends on the individual who is elected President. He will have nothing to do with it, except to submit recommendations to Congress. The Eighteenth Amendment cannot be amended without first having a change proposed, not by a majority, but by two-thirds of each House of Congress. The wet and dry organizations are concentrating, not on the Presidency, but on the election in each district of a congressman who will vote their way without regard to the President. The drys have only to hold on to what they have got; the wets must not merely overturn the dry majority, but elect two-thirds of Congress.

Unless the new President summons it in extra session, the Congress so elected will not meet until a year from next December. In the utterly improbable event that the wets should elect a bare two-thirds, the dry organizations will have all that time in which to exert pressure on the men elected; and in any event, no change in the law could be proposed by Congress until some time in 1934. If it should then propose a wet amendment, it will go to the forty-eight states for ratification or refusal, and three-fourths of the states must vote for ratification in order to make it law. In other words, any thirteen states could defeat a prohibition amendment even if two-thirds of Congress changed their present opinions and voted for it. The forty-eight states can take as many years as they like about voting, or not vote at all. Thus it may be years before prohibition comes up for a redecision, supposing it ever comes up. This it is which makes so pathetic the general delusion that the President to be elected in November will have any power to change, modify or abolish the law. If any change is ever made, it can hardly come about until after his term of office is ended. Yet the man in the street is talking everywhere as if the doors of the speakeasies were going to be flung wide open on November 9.

With the exceptions already named, no President has ever been able to rule Congress. Cleveland was decidedly no exception. From the time when Congress defied President Madison by going to war with England to the time when President Wilson was unable to get anywhere with his advocacy of the League of Nations, the story has been the same; and never so conspicuously as in the last three administrations.

The course of the campaign is not working itself out according to the early outlook. It then seemed that Roosevelt was sure of the West, and that the battleground would be solely in the East, but the managers on both sides have lately modified that view. Maine is so different from the other five New England States that no conclusions about them can be drawn from her September election, except that if the hard times were the absorbing element in that decision they will naturally extend to all the others, West and East. That would leave Roosevelt a victor in every state, a *reductio ad absurdum* to the most optimistic of his advisers.

The quirks, however, in the September set-up baffle the early conclusions. Both parties regard the West as a battleground, if not the battleground. Roosevelt began his campaign with a tour of it, and Hoover—so far as he speaks at all—takes the same view, beginning in Iowa. New York is the next consideration. It has not gone Democratic in a presidential campaign in forty-eight years, and in 1884 by a plurality of only about one thousand. This year its politics is decidely mixed; and as it has forty-seven votes, it and one small state could decide the election even if Roosevelt carried the whole West. Fifty votes can offset the West.

While the concentration at the beginning of both parties on the Middle West—due, of course, to the uncertainty about the farmer vote this year—is a change from the early outlook, a more surprising one is the anxiety of Democrats and Republicans about a state outside that belt, California. In the spring it appeared certainly Republican. Usually voters do not bother about primaries which are foregone conclusions, but this year, with Hoover certain of the nomination, the Republicans took the trouble to go to the primaries greatly in excess of the Democrats, who had something to fight about. The California matter seemed to be settled. Yet now both parties are displaying great anxiety about California, and it was the main objective of Roosevelt's Western swing. Still more surprising was the sending of the Republican nominee for Vice-President, Curtis, into Pennsylvania to open the campaign there. There is no parallel to that in Pennsylvania. That state has been gyrating in a queer way for several years, and this Republican anxiety about it caps the climax.

If the Democrats win the election, it will be because of the hard times. The stumpers talk about issues, but there is no issue.

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ROME'S OPPORTUNITY

By PIERRE CRABITÈS

NEVER has a more auspicious hour sounded for the spread of Catholicism in the Near East than that ushered in by the collapse of czarist Russia, the disappearance of monarchical Greece, and the economic effacement of Rumania. The signs are already evident of a disintegration of the structure of orthodoxy. If advantage be taken of present conditions, the religious map of the Levant can be changed.

I first came to this part of the world in 1906. I was then a tourist. I did not know that Kismet would five years later transfer my home from the levees of the Mississippi to the banks of the Nile. While I have now become part and parcel of the life of the Egyptian capital, I can never forget my first impressions of my earliest contact with the religious life of this section.

It was Jerusalem, not Cairo, that opened up this vista to me. Abdul-Hamid then ruled over Turkey, and his sway extended to the Holy City. He personified the spirit of the Islam of the past. His soldiers, ill-fed, badly paid, and poorly garbed, kept order in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Their task was not an easy one. The various Christian sects were ready to spring at one another. It was only the malevolent neutrality of the Turkish guard that kept them from doing so. But, distressing as it was to me to see the shrine of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the altar which marks the spot of the birth of the Prince of Peace, saved from profanation at Christian hands only by the bayonet of the Moslem soldier, the most vivid of all impressions made upon my mind was that produced by the obvious hegemony in Jerusalem of what is there known as Orthodox Christianity.

The relative effacement of Catholicism surprised me. I was astonished to note the overwhelming numerical superiority of the Schismatic Churches. I was flabbergasted by their driving power, their enthusiasm, their organization. They dominated the landscape and their leadership spread far beyond the limits of Palestine. They were paramount east of the Adriatic. I sought for an explanation. It did not take me long to find it. It had nothing to do with faith or morals. It did not mean that Catholics were lukewarm or Protestants somnolent. It told the story that Russia, the Russia of the Romanovs, was back of the Orthodox machine, giving it vitality and resiliency, furnishing it with the sinews of war and throwing around it the protection of a vigilant hierarchy and a recourseful diplomacy.

I distinctly recall the interminable army of pilgrims who were then making their way to the Jordan. These men and women were obviously poor. They struck me as being peasants. I wondered where they had found the money, and still more where they had got together the courage to come so far in search of spiritual uplift. Their faces were those of dullards. I saw no leaders of intelligence directing them. But unmistakably they were thoroughly organized. I soon ascertained that this caravan of unkempt beards and broad-hipped women was but an advance guard of the great Russian phalanx that came every year from Moscow and St. Petersburg, from Kief and Odessa, from the Caucasus and Siberia, and that it was the all-powerful Russian bureaucracy that looked after the wants of these thousands. And then, my curiosity enlisted, I asked more questions. I found that not only did Russia organize these armies of Christian pilgrims, but that the czarist authorities were the aggressive champions of the Jews of the Holy Land. In a word, I learned that imperial Russia capitalized spirituality and used the full force of its gigantic machine to back up in the Levant what it called orthodoxy, whether it was Christian or Jewish.

I was also impressed by the great power of the Greek hierarchy. It basked in the sunshine of Russian good-will. It addressed its appeal to the indigenous Christian elements, as opposed to the foreign and transient sectors of society. It obviously had a working alliance with the Russian consulate general. Its prosperity was obvious. It scintillated self-satisfaction.

All of these impressions might possibly have faded away had not my return to the Levant, a few years later, consolidated them in my memory. When I took up my abode in Cairo, my subconscious mind told me that I was going to be more or less of a fixture in Egypt. I, therefore, sought to get to the bottom of things. I soon learned that, to the Moslem mind, religion and nationality are synonymous, and that the great power of the Greek Schismatic Church in these parts was but an appendage to the then outstanding prestige and alert diplomacy of the Russian crown.

Catholicism, in those days, had no backer comparable to Russia. Protestantism, divided into sects, had no patron who took a sustained interest in any one of its protean shapes.

France, it is true, posed as the champion of the Catholic Church. Paris insisted that *l'anticlericalism n'est pas un article d'exportation,* and sought to gain power for the French state by masquerading as the defender of the Faith. But Moslems are not fools and Levantines are wide awake. They saw through the travesty. And Italy, Austria, Spain and Germany challenged the pretensions of the Gaul. But neither Rome nor Vienna, Madrid nor Berlin, took up the cudgels for the Roman Catholic Church and sought to do for it what Russia did for her own Holy Synod in particular and for the Schismatic creed in general.

The German Emperor had visited Jerusalem just a few years before I came out East. He built a great German hospice in the Holy City. He put Protestantism on the map. He did so, however, in such a dra-

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matic manner that the very pomp of his tactics and the fanfaronade of his procedure made his appeal so loud that it became cacophonous and meaningless. And England, Holland and Scandinavia have never sought to lend their prestige to the Protestant cause. They have kept out of the battle of the creeds.

It thus came to pass that when the Russian Empire went by the board, and Greece became a republic, and Rumania the cockpit of contending factions, the Schismatic Churches of the Near East which gravitated in the wake of Russia's greatness, which were supported by the royalists at Athens and by the Bratianu political magnates at Bucharest, found themselves in a quandary. They had received support from St. Petersburg, if not in the shape of financial subsidies, at all events in the form of reflected glory. They had been parasitical growths. They, perhaps, did not know it. But when the parent stock disappeared by the wayside, they began to wilt. They are still withering. They are not dead. But their sap is lacking in productivity. They had depended so much upon Russian prestige, upon Greek solidarity and Rumanian discipline, that today they are feeling the evil effects of the artificial stimulants upon which they have flourished for so long.

Figures will not be adduced to support these statements. Statistics are always arid and often misleading. It is the state of mind of the laity and clergy of the Levant that really counts. No census can portray that. It has to be understood to be felt. But with the whole world in a plastic state, with old intellectual and religious frontiers brushed aside, not to speak of dynasties obliterated, it requires no wealth of argument to convince the impartial mind that the Christians of the Levant, who until recently held tenaciously to the Schismatic Churches, are now caught in the vortex of changed conditions and are fruitful soil for conversion to Rome. Their old props have been swept from under their feet. Their traditional antipathies make it improbable that they will embrace Islam. They are not of the class that readily drifts toward agnosticism. Protestantism makes no appeal to their lively imagination. They are ripe for allegiance to Rome.

But I have lived too long in the East to feel that the Latin Church is the instrument which should be used for this mission. Religion means everything to the Christians of the Levant. It may be but lip worship that they pay to their Allah. Whether it is or is not, whether it is more a part of their vocabulary than of their line of conduct, I do not profess to judge. All that I say is that religion is ingrained in their very souls, and that ritual and liturgy have a stronger grip upon their intellects and their hearts than have dogmas and creeds. They attach an importance to form which they withhold from substance. They are wedded to the language in which Holy Mass is celebrated even more than they are to the Sacrifice itself.

If the Latin Church were to attempt to take advantage of the spiritual quasi-vacuum caused by the disappearance of the Russian overlordship, I am afraid that the passive resistance of centuries of traditions would make the task a supremely difficult one. But Rome has her Uniat or United Oriental Churches, which are admirably adapted to the work of peaceful penetration. They are able to furnish to the Schismatic Christians of the Levant that ritualistic, linguistic and liturgical atmosphere for which their souls yearn. And in this congenial environment, men and women who were yesterday sons and daughters of the Orthodox Church, and who are now floating about like derelicts, will gladly find a refuge in the doctrines and dogmas of Roman Catholicism.

The great harvest of souls which is awaiting the reaper will be lost if the West does not come to the help of the East and aid in systematizing the efforts of the Uniat clergy. These poor Oriental priests cannot carry the entire burden. They have not the means, and they are, perhaps, wanting in the constructive ability. The driving power should come from the Occident, but the Orient should be made to see that its language, its ceremonies, its traditions are not menaced. Rome can assimilate the rituals and liturgies of the Levant in the twentieth century as it has at other times. Such externals are not essentials. They are appendages and not fundamentals.

Particles

So what is beauty but a tremble of bloom
On fragile things uplifted to the light?

Forever since the ether pools were stirred
And shaken into bubbles of new worlds;
Forever since the million-bladed grass
Broke the first clod, behold, that living gleam!

O delicate and prodigal delight!
I saw it early. It still dazzles me.

I saw it early on the splintered crags;
I marked its luster in the broken quartz.
I saw it in renewals of the rain
And in swift waters under running cloud.
Through many a tumult of entangled leaves
It moved, and in the mossy silences.

By fabulous steel terraces and towers
I see it now; and still it dazzles me.

Are all things multiple and interspersed
Thus caught up in the mystic oversoul?
Whose hand and purpose stirred the ether pools?
Who shattered light into a toss of stars?

Sharply it came to me in a white mist
At Mass, the piercing fracture of the Host:

"You cannot bear more beauty than I bring
In flakes and fragments for your daily bread.
According to your need, with broken crusts,
My son, I feed you from the Infinite."

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE.

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ACCORDING TO FORMULA

By ALICE BROWN

IF ONE looks deeply into the fiction of today, as the fashion used to be when classic models seemed to be writing themselves, one finds a sameness in its realism not altogether due to the changes of time. It goes at a great pace, but it isn't so much fun. One has a suspicion that much of our content in it is being snatched away from us, not because human nature has necessarily changed into something less picturesque and moving, but because pychoanalysis has crashed in and given away the game. "Bunthorne, he has come over us." It is as naive a procedure as the use of the family medicine book in the past when, Johnnie growing red in the face and babbling "of green fields," mother whirled over the leaves to find out what was likely to be the matter with him. It is the new "Daniel come to judgment," and one tries to be prudently acquiescent, not only because there is safety in being "in" with the reigning mode, but because, after all, dry-as-dusty as it seems, nevertheless the whole business might actually be "so."

But considering the difficulty of catching and taming the elusive phenomena of spiritual and mental energy, is it uniformly and overwhelmingly "so"? One questions warily, for its disciples, many of them, wear names not to be lightly handled. But might it, as a region imperfectly charted, prove to have pitfalls and morasses? Or might its high priests, in a moment of Puckish playfulness, even work dark magic on us? One remembers, with a wholesome respect, that delightful but widely forgotten book, "The Merman and the Figurehead," where a pupil, in examination, turned the Board of Examiners into cuttlefish and forgot the formula for turning them back. Will that happen to us? Can we get lost in psychoanalysis and never come back? It may be the last word in soul-dissection, but after all what will it do to us? Can we meet circumstance with any degree of gay assurance if, looking in the glass of self-appraisal, we find ourselves a congeries of complexes and fixations? We had thought we were something far more exceptional from the hand of Time. Hadn't he taken any pleasure in making us original, old Time? Didn't he sit down and think us over a bit before he tossed us down to this planet, not entirely admirable, of course, but unique, a combination that might not, in its particular lineaments, have been seen before, except perhaps here and there, a planet's width away? Even all noses aren't alike. If you study them—and a mental collection of noses is not without humorous value—you see how amazingly they differ, each from each. And yet they are of no less an importance.

"Hand me down those nasal caricatures," says Time. "No, not the Cyrano box. I never should use that again. It made too much of a stir. Yes, that's the one I want, neither one thing nor another. We can use it for years."

And he takes his responsibilities seriously, doubtless remembering how somebody said a slight difference in the length of Cleopatra's nose would have changed the course of empire. It was he who, in his gaiety of invention, saw to that, and shall one believe he has shown less resource in speeding up the wheels of fiction? There was a greater prosperity, not so long ago, and more reading, and the capricious public had to have more books. So does he, like the housewife, her life revolutionized by the canning industry, cease brooding on home-made invention in the minds of men and reach up to the shelves for a clutch of the "saucy Jacks" that now make noises on the printed page? The least reasoning of us know it's psychoanalysis that has touched up plot-making so knowingly. It has been going on quite a long time, not putting itself forward, but modestly ready to be discovered, and presently it was discovered and nearly all the pens began to dip themselves into the free-running stream. For there were books actually born of it, every clever one of them, and those of us who love to see the way the world is going hastened to the hand-books responsible, on the remote chance of becoming best sellers ourselves.

But not knowing where to begin and unfortunately falling upon dreams, we found ouselves floored by bizarre interpretations. We had entered the arcanum, as it was only fair to do, in a mood of sedulous credulity. And it was well we had, for many accepted elucidations proved wildly humorous. We recalled ourselves and bade flippant fancy remember of how old a dynasty is the interpretation of dreams. It is not the flower of modern inventiveness. We are not all to blame. It has existed from times unknown and only now is standardized and within the reach of every man. The poorest can learn the knack of it and expound for himself. Always a recognized nostrum, let us see what our agile modernity has made of it. In the early Freudian days we were told it didn't do to tell your dream too frankly, when you came down to breakfast, lest thereby you lost the right of holding up your head again before the family. And when you may not hold up your head over it, breakfast loses half its nutritive value; certainly all its charm. But we are now miles away from such elementary cantrips, even if it must sometimes occur to us that the interpreter is driven too far afield, though when you have yourself broken into that imaginative expanse known as "afield," you are likely to find not only the herbs familiar to you but specimens excitingly new. One remembers a voice out of a dream proclaiming: "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" Could it indicate the death of your great-aunt from what might be called ptomaniac chowder and the

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haste of the event whereby she left you nothing? You dream of being lost in a maze of willows. Does that mean the enchantment of a willow cabin at your gate or "Sing all a green willow"—which means you will be jilted? Now these are no extreme interpretations and we still keep an open mind and believe what we are told, chiefly because it is exhilarating to be in the swim. And they are but dreams, the merest matter of every-day life.

There are more serious tangles further on, and it is they that get into fiction and play hob with it. Now fiction may be said to be more precarious than life, because so many people, once started, manage to live, at least for a time, and so few people—though you'd scarcely think it, from the book-stalls—can write. For in fiction, at least, you are a maker, nothing less than so astounding a demigod, causing life to move before men's eyes either for the lightening of their lot through laughter or the purging of it by tears. It's a very sacred sort of business, and when you take in psychoanalysis to help you, are you doing well or ill? You are used to believing that a novel is a resultant of life as the author has watched it and even unconsciously gathering the flower and fruit of it, swept them, all their rich disorder, into his mind to mingle and make strange new species there according to their own usefulness. It's quite another thing if he finds the inner life a thing to label, every lesser herb of it, and goes to the herbarium to verify. Or, to take another aspect from clumsy simile, shall it move as the robot moves, with a mechanical force of borrowed energy, but not as the leaves of the forest or as the human spirit—all alive? As John Jay Chapman says:

> Scholarship has taken Cerberus from Hades and set him to guard Apollo's hill. Letters have borrowed from the exact sciences a sort of parade of accuracy, forgetting that good literature is always inaccurate. . . . When Shakespeare or Voltaire, Scott or Byron, or any great writer uses a bit of the past, he twists and distorts it. . . . Perhaps there is a reason why professional scholars are not great writers. Accurate scholarship means unimaginative scholarship. Accurate scholarship, when it prevails, is the epilogue to literature.

As to the pedagogical influence of the nostrum, if it can purge children of their faults and leave them perfected—though somewhere safe from the meddling of behaviorism—if it can translate the criminal to the courts, or give the sick man health, these are great issues and one must concede greatly to them. But when it comes to fiction, we are all amort. We can let the learned fiddle with actual breathing mortals if they must and wisdom is to come that way, but we can't have the delicate channels of our story-telling spoiled by sign-boards all over the place. They may show us the road through plot and counter-plot; but do we want to know? Don't we want rather to wander along uncharted byways, feeling the brief curiosities that are the reward of leisurely reading, and "get acquainted," through intuition, as it is in life? A curiosity that is sated at the outset is no piquing agent of human intercourse. What if, in actual life, the daughter of the house, returning after an absence, has to tell father and mother that she has become engaged to the paragon of her desires, a "boy" unknown to them. How shall she draw the picture of him? She may say, in general terms, that he is a "lamb" (if that generic endearment has not then gone out) or she may pile on colloquial adjectives; but to what end should she fish for his complexes and inhibitions, to make him vivider? Better even stop at his taste in socks and haircut. Why not then in fiction? For when *clichés* flock like starlings, we spot them every time. If they gave us better results, a more dramatic action, we'd invite them in, wholesale, even, like starlings again, to eat the corn.

Fictional wisdom didn't necessarily die with Thackeray and Dickens, though sheer charm did go far toward it. These present "helps to write" were unknown to them and would indeed have been quite superfluous in their elucidations. We are told that there are dull pages in Thackeray. I have never met them, for all pages disclose such vistas toward what he thought about it. If they don't forward the story, they at least invite you into the spacious delightfulness of his own mind. Of course it doesn't do for us all to prose, even if it merely means a confidential whisper to the reader: "This is the way it looks to me." Our minds aren't of the quality to condone it. But so robustly natural a method is it with a master that you can go with him all the way. For art is a charm, a delicate persuasion. It shows you what man looks like to the men who live with him. And even we, if we are writing the life-story of a patient dead from tuberculosis, know better than to dwell on symptoms and the germ that killed him. His courage or his despair in relation to the tragedy, these are what make the story.

But as for us, honest as the age may be and, in a few quarters, brilliantly talented, we have gained nothing through barren formulae. We are trying to do the age-old job: to make a picture of human life, and the appearance of life can be caught only by the seeing ear and eye as they plant their treasure in the matrix mind. And neither playwright nor novelist is sufficient in himself. His picture must be convincing to the "house," that aggregate mind which looks and listens, possibly without training of its own save that of the changing pageant as it meets it day by day: the pageant of life itself. And this may be adequate. "That's so!" "That's good!" This ought to be the response of that aggregate mind as it looks and listens, comparing the "counterfeit presentment" with what it even dimly feels. But the thing it looks at must be a picture, not a record of psychic phenomena.

Take a person who, before the day of moving pictures, had come on a snapshot of a man walking, and what would he say the man was about? Not moving, surely! I have seen a snapshot of Mr. Lloyd George leaving 10 Downing Street, which seemed to present him as merely lifting one foot in a purposeless way

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comparable to that of a cat put out into the first light snow of the season and showing her perplexity by shaking the foreign dampness from an angry paw. The lens had done its faithful work; the eye, then untrained through custom, was unprepared, and a body in action, as the film had caught it, did not necessarily carry out the illusion of a body alive. And psychoanalysis may be as accurate as that old-time stationary lens (though really we know it isn't, even while weakly conceding it to those more agile than we!), but when it comes to the mimicry of life itself, it's as far from life as a list of names from the lianas of the tropics or as the libido from the Holy Ghost.

It is actually hampering to the creative mind, this obsession for cutting nicely to pattern. It walks into play-writing and does queer things there. A talented and well-seasoned playwright does a play from a true story of life, all about dead notabilities well known to us, and as he is of an honorable habit of work and won't meddle too wilfully with fact, he gives fact a leg up by a highly fanciful motive. He has got—or thinks he has—to stir in some sort of persuasive and irresistible magic and "eye of newt and toe of frog," the well-worn "old stuff" of the theatre, won't do. The house would yawn over it. But there's incest, old in fact but piquingly fresh in modern talk. And in it goes, not especially "good theatre," but sure to be accepted because the house has heard of it and loves to find itself intelligent. Now of course this, as an illustration, is a slightly impudent one, impudent because the play has made good, not only through competent acting but in many skilful arts of the trade, and of course it means "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and old Mr. Barrett's unfortunate agitations over contiguous girls. And it carries the mind back to "Don," also a play of Mr. Besier, more or less formal in plot but of a sufficiently clever treatment, and so true to human nature, so apt at getting moral pretense on the hip, so lively with the laughter sprung from the sly truth of it that he is, in himself, more ingenuously interesting than now when, in a later access of timeliness, he throws a sop to the eager intelligentsia. One can, of course, find in "Don" the "ruling passions" which make the whole world kin, but the thing strikes you as life, not apologia, and you enjoy it and are grateful.

I have a belief that the great works, whether novels or plays, first presented themselves to their authors, though confusedly and to be elaborated, as pictures. That was simply how life looked to them. They might, in the case of novels, make superfluous reflections, but they were guiltless of snipping out fact to fit the pattern of psychologic necessity. When their untrammeled minds conceived a character as taking a certain road, they felt no obligation to ask if that course conformed to the guide-book and time-table. For human life is not always logical, in a manner visible to any earthly sense. The human mind has unexpected ups and downs, which laugh consistency in the face. The bloodthirstiest villain may spend hours in stroking the cat. Or—for most things have been said better than we can at present say them—

> When the coster ain't a jumpin' on his mother,
> He loves to lie a baskin' in the sun.

But when a character comes walking into the landscape with a neat little tag to his buttonhole—incest, Oedipus complex or any scrap of learned lingo—you know it all at the start. He will do what he has to do to fulfil psychologic necessity. Of course you need never cease to enjoy that agreeable sense of being up to the whole business, but as to curiosity, suspense, they are chiefly absent. You know the catchwords. And what an eagerness lies merely in being advanturous! No less in literary art than in life is it delightsome to feel our way through a labyrinth, no guide-post anywhere along.

Mr. Eugene O'Neill is said to have denied indebtedness to psychologic formulae. But he is more or less the henchman of his own poetic imagination, one of the specially gifted who are so wilful that they can scarce refrain from molding abstractions into concrete form. If he had been Hamlet, the ghost he saw would speedily have conjured himself into a subjective one, adequate to going "out at the portal" and then taking a bus. And if his admirers could own to his having a fault, it might be that of dressing up an emotion and setting it to work on the stage, sometimes with a label from the psychologic workshop. But the truest life of creative art, one can't help thinking, is of no formal action. It must move before the bodily eyes of the looker-on as those eyes are used to seeing it of themselves and translate it to the inner tribunal of the mind, and it must waken there the shock of terrified or delighted surprise which is the mind's tribute to its own incomparable image. We are always hunting something we can "enjoy," and in the last analysis we do enjoy what is true to human life, that enhanced or softened truth the stage and novel at their best know how to give us. Perhaps if they could give it oftener we could do our own adequate service in return. We could find ourselves growing so nobly perceptive that only the touch of life at first hand would satisfy us.

Harvest

The wheat is trembling in the wind again
All golden in the sun of Picardy;
Browned peasants scythe half-moons of tinkling grain
That fall with whispers of a summer sea.
Once more with Angelus bells sweet prayers ascend
Along the noontide heat of autumn time;
The larks old melodies rehearse and blend;
Among the clear pure notes the belfries chime.

And down below the sucking roots, at rest,
With wounds long healed and steel long sheathed in soil,
Two armies lie, their grim lips fiercely pressed
Against the earth that crimsoned with their toil
When rich wine ran in furrows, shell-plowed, long,
And sleep as peasants chant their harvest song.

ROBERT J. CARMODY.

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THE IRISH LAND ANNUITIES: II

By JOHN A. RYAN

THE MOST deplorable political consequences of the dispute about the annuities are intensified partizanship and a revival of the ancient antagonism toward England. In the course of a public speech, July 30, Mr. Cosgrave called the De Valera Ministry "the greatest set of political incompetents that ever cursed any country." In one of the debates in the Dail, the following week, Mr. De Valera interrupted Mr. Blythe to accuse him of being "bought" by the British government; a member of Mr. Cosgrave's Ministry referred to a member of the existing Ministry as a "humbug, a gasbag and a cheapjack," while one of De Valera's followers expressed regret that the Lord had poured vinegar as well as blood into the veins of a prominent opponent. Similar recriminations have not infrequently characterized the discussions of resolutions offered in support of De Valera's policy at meetings of local public bodies and in business associations. All too frequently the followers of Mr. De Valera have accused their opponents of "playing England's game." They have resurrected the anti-British slogans and the resounding rhetoric that did effective service in past political conflicts. I saw several of these slogans carried on banners in the procession down O'Connell Street on the way to the De Valera meeting in College Green, July 28.

Some very prominent members of the late Cosgrave Cabinet take no pains to conceal their contempt for the intellectual processes of Mr. De Valera and for the intelligence of certain members of his Cabinet. Those men who constituted Mr. Cosgrave's Cabinet do, indeed, possess unusual ability and competence, and their achievements in the fields of politics, industry, education and social improvement during their exceedingly difficult ten years of office would reflect credit upon any Ministry in any country. Nevertheless, the gift of sarcasm possessed and freely used by two of these men does not help to create a political atmosphere of "sweet reasonableness."

More than once since the beginning of the dispute about the annuities, Mr. De Valera must have deplored the utterances of some of his official supporters. Senator Connolly, the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, asserted in the Senaad Eireann that Ramsay MacDonald's hope of inducing America to cancel England's war debts would never be realized, as the question would never "be even considered until this issue with us has been finished." This was a piece of crude impertinence, if not of impudence. No wonder Mr. McGilligan ventured the ironic assumption that Senator Connolly had been authorized by the American Minister to the Free State to make this extraordinary pronouncement. It was an offense not only to the government of the United States, but to all American citizens who sympathized with the policy of Mr. De Valera regarding the annuities, for it assumed that in considering the cancellation of war debts these citizens would primarily be moved not by the interests of their own country, but by the desires of Mr. De Valera's government. Mr. Norton, the head of the Labor group in the Dail, through whose support the De Valera government came into power and continues in office, declared at the annual meeting of the Irish Trade Union Congress in Cork that the government must not try to save "a soulless capitalism," but must attempt a "revolutionary program." From this and other utterances of Irish Labor leaders, many Irishmen have drawn the conclusion that the Labor movement in the Free State is Socialistic and that Mr. De Valera himself intends to utilize the present critical situations to set up an industrial and political dictatorship. However, as noted in my former article, Mr. De Valera explicitly repudiated any such intention in his speech in the Dail, August 5, and declared himself a believer in democracy. In passing, it should be noted that his following seems to include a considerably larger proportion of the wage-earning classes than is to be found in the party headed by Mr. Cosgrave. That is their own concern, of course, but it is too bad that they do not possess more competent leaders than Mr. Norton and his associates.

A sinister and threatening element in the present political situation is the existence and intentions of the Irish Republican Army. This is an extra-legal, if not a positively illegal, organization. Its frankly avowed aim is the establishment of a republic for the whole of Ireland, if necessary by violence and war. The late Cosgrave government endeavored to destroy the organization and to deprive it of arms through the enforcement of a very drastic Public Safety Act. Since Mr. De Valera came into power, this act has not been enforced. In his speech in the Dail, August 5, he disclaimed any "secret understanding" with the I. R. A., but admitted that his government would not attempt to search out and seize the fighting weapons which the I. R. A. retains in defiance of the law. In reply to questions from the opposition, Mr. De Valera declared that his government found it impossible to take the arms away from the I. R. A. However, he informed the Dail that the I. R. A. had promised him not to use these weapons against their own countrymen in a civil war. Perhaps Mr. De Valera is acting prudently in not trying to collect the arms, and probably the I. R. A. will keep its promise not to make a civil war, but Mr. De Valera's admission amounted to a disturbing confession of governmental incompetency.

Graver and of more immediate concern than the political consequences of the dispute are those that fall

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under the head of economic derangements. When Mr. De Valera persisted in refusing to pay over the annuities, the British government imposed very heavy tariffs on imports from the Free State in order to obtain money to pay the interest and sinking fund to the holders of the land stock. At the same time, it declared its intention of discontinuing the tariffs as soon as they had yielded a sum equal to the annuities due this year. Whether that much revenue will be derived from the newly imposed duties is very doubtful, owing to the fact that they are almost prohibitive. At any rate, the Free State government retaliated with equally high tariffs upon practically all goods imported from Great Britain. By far the most important of these is coal. As a consequence, some 8,000 Welsh miners have lost their employment. Of course, a large proportion of workers in the cross-Channel ports of both countries and on cross-Channel ships have been thrown out of work.

Mr. De Valera and his associates admit that both sets of tariffs are going to cause considerable immediate suffering, but they profess to believe that in the long run the results will be beneficial to the people of the Irish Free State. In his speech of July 28, Mr. De Valera asserted that the tariff war was compelling his government to accomplish in "a short time" what they had intended to bring about in a period of five years. His party had always believed, he said, in making Ireland "economically self-sufficient." Hence the British tariffs were a sort of blessing in disguise, inasmuch as they would compel a great acceleration of this process.

The doctrine of "economic self-sufficiency" is something less than a half-truth and a very pestiferous half-truth. It is easily perverted into that "exaggerated nationalism" more than once condemned by Pope Pius XI. Under its strictly economic aspect, the doctrine of national "economic self-sufficiency" is fundamentally false. It is quite as irrational for the Irish Free State to attempt to produce all the goods that its people consume as it would be for the state of North Dakota to engage in the production of bananas in hothouses instead of importing them from Florida. For nations as well as for subordinate political areas, the correct economic rule is to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. In other words, each country should produce the commodities for which it is best adapted and exchange these, or some of them, for the commodities that other countries can produce to better advantage. Thus both countries employ their capital and labor most effectively and receive the maximum benefits from the exchange of goods. This is the course followed by the subdivisions and local areas of a nation. It is equally sound as between one nation and another.

Most of the facile and false slogans that are traditional in the advocacy of protective tariffs have been consistently used by Mr. De Valera and his associates in their present campaign. Apparently the most effective of these has been the declaration that the Irish market should be reserved for the Irish farmers; that, for example, the consumers of bacon should buy only Irish bacon. Suppose, however, that the Irish market for bacon is not as good as the foreign market; suppose that the Irish consumers will not pay as much as will foreigners nor give as much of manufactured goods in exchange as will the people of Great Britain. In these circumstances, the "home market" argument falls to the ground, not only in the Irish Free State, but in the United States of America, where it has been all too successfully used to mislead our farming population.

The policy of "economic self-sufficiency" may, however, be validly defended on social and national grounds. A state that is subject to frequent attack by other states would do well to become, so far as possible, economically independent. But this is not an issue in the Irish Free State. When Mr. De Valera declares that England is in a position to inflict great injury upon Ireland because it can, for any reason that seems good to it, impose the destructive tariffs that it has set up on account of the dispute about the annuities, his statement has as much and as little practical importance as if it were made with regard to any other country. In precisely the same way Great Britain could injure the United States, though not to the same extent. The inference that the Irish Free State should make itself economically independent of Great Britain has no more essential validity than a similar statement about the United States of America. So long as it is possible for nations to adjust their political differences by goodwill and arbitration, they act foolishly if they attempt to build up an unprofitable economic independence.

Of course, no man in his right senses visualizes complete economic self-sufficiency. What any rational advocate of the policy seeks is a nearer approach to that condition. For this position there are some valid arguments in the case of some countries. It may be socially desirable that a government should offer its people the choice of many kinds of industrial life instead of one or two. It may not be a good thing for a country to be so dominantly industrial as England or so dominantly agricultural as Ireland. As between the two, the latter condition is undoubtedly preferable on social and ethical grounds. Again, so large a proportion of the land of a country may be devoted to grazing that employment cannot be found for the entire population. In such a case, the only alternative to immigration is the conversion of some of the grazing land into tillage or subsidized manufactures. Even though these changes involved a reduction in the total annual income and in the average standard of living, they might be desirable on grounds of general social welfare.

To some extent this is the situation in the Irish Free State. Too much of its soil is used for the production of cattle. Accordingly the economic commissions appointed by the Free State government have recommended a program of intensified agriculture, gradual development of manufacturing industries and steady if slow decrease of grazing and increase of tillage. This program was being carried out by the Cosgrave government as fast as was profitably and reasonably possible.

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In this connection, I would strongly recommend two public documents: "Reports of the Fiscal Inquiry Committee," published at the end of the year 1923, and "Report of the Irish Land Commission for 1929." The reader will find in these publications a comprehensive array of facts and conclusions based upon facts rather than upon patriotic wishes.

Mr. De Valera promised so to accelerate the process of industrial development and substitution of tillage for grazing that the Irish Free State would be economically independent within five years. In consequence of the destructive tariffs imposed by Great Britain, he now talks of completing the program in one year. If he could achieve this there would be great rejoicing among all the friends of Ireland. What chance has he of succeeding?

Practically no chance at all. In his Dublin speech, July 28, he made a few general observations about raising more wheat and expanding manufactures, whereas a careful study of the two reports cited above and of others made by experts to the Cosgrave government would have shown him that no revolutionary change is possible in either Irish agriculture or Irish industries. It is doubtful whether more wheat could be raised except at considerable loss. Apparently it would be practicable to import more wheat and grind it into flour instead of importing flour, and to manufacture more shoes and clothing. But no large expansion seems to be quickly feasible in any other line of manufacture.

Senator Connolly asserted that the Free State was capable of producing all the necessities "for feeding, clothing and housing our people." Other members of the De Valera Cabinet have made generous promises about a government guarantee of remunerative prices to the farmers to compensate them for the disastrous fall in prices brought about by the British tariffs. Such statements as these may be promptly dismissed as nothing more than promises of politicians. They have no foundation in the cold facts of Irish economics.

Perhaps the most disturbing indication of the dark prospect immediately ahead and of the economic incompetence of Mr. De Valera's government is found in his statements about finding "alternative markets" for the cattle and the animal products that can no longer be profitably sold in Great Britain. After having referred on several different occasions to these "alternative markets" as something real and readily obtainable, he admitted in the Dail, August 5, that he did not see such markets anywhere. Nevertheless, he said, it is worth while to try to find them. In consequence of his obstinacy concerning arbitration of the dispute about annuities, the most important products of the Free State have been deprived of markets and the only substitute now in sight involves the occurrence of something like an economic miracle. All the powerful nations of Europe are economically sick because they have been unable to find new markets for their products. Yet Mr. De Valera would persuade the Irish people that they may succeed in a short time where all the other nations have failed after long-continued efforts. The most essential and most stubborn fact in the situation is that 97 percent of the exports from the Free State have been taken by Great Britain and Northern Ireland. It is quite unlikely that profitable "alternative markets" will be found within a reasonable time for over 25 percent of this volume of exports.

Although economic conditions in the Irish Free State were relatively better than in most other countries of Europe when Mr. De Valera entered upon his ill-advised conflict over the annuities, the country was experiencing a considerable depression. During the first six months of the present year, exports from the Free State had decreased by £2,500,000. The prices of farm products had dropped to unprofitable levels and unemployment had undergone some increase. Within two weeks after the final instalments of the destructive tariffs went into effect, business at the Free State ports had been reduced by from 75 to 90 percent, and transactions at the village fairs by at least 50 percent. Throughout the country there was a general feeling of insecurity. It was becoming evident that in a short time the farmers would be unable to pay the shopkeepers, to say nothing of their obligations on account of the rates, taxes and annuities.

My own guess is that by the beginning of October a very grave crisis will have arisen in the industrial life of the Free State, a crisis with which Mr. De Valera will be unable to deal. Will the illegal Irish Republican Army take advantage of conditions to make an economic and political revolution? Or will the sober sense of the Irish people reassert itself and by constitutional methods put an end to the disastrous rule of abstract dreams and incompetent politicians?

My last previous visit to Ireland occurred ten years ago. I was in Dublin during the first three weeks of the civil war and found the people there profoundly discouraged over the outlook. Some persons expressed the fear that they would never regain domestic peace. In reply, I pointed out that there were plenty of brains in Ireland and that despite occasional or individual departures from sanity the Irish people were as realistic as any other people on earth. I expressed the opinion that even the loss of Arthur Griffith by sudden death and of Michael Collins by violence, constituted no adequate reason for discouragement; for I believed that Cosgrave, Mulcahy, O'Higgins and their associates were entirely capable of taking up and carrying to success the banner of reason and realism that had fallen from the hands of Griffith and Collins. The achievements of the former in putting down the rebellion and building up the new Free State are now matters of history that no amount of wild rhetoric can erase from the record. Well, Cosgrave and Mulcahy and Blythe and McGilligan and Hogan and O'Sullivan are still with the people of the Irish Free State. When the present situation enters the critical stage, I believe that these men will again be entrusted with the command of the ship of state and will bring it securely into harbor.

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A HISTORICAL MEMORIAL

By MARY AUSTIN

FEW PEOPLE visit Santa Fe without spending half an hour on San Miguel, the "oldest church in the United States," with its carved and corbeled rafters, its quaint choir loft, its primitive altar and its collection of early Spanish paintings. Probably none goes away without a glance at Archbishop Lamy's cathedral and the famous "bulto" of Our Lady, called, because of the historic part she played, La Conquistadora; but very few hear anything of the church which once stood on the south side of the Plaza, called the Castrense, the military chapel which was, from soon after the time of the reconquest in 1692, the favorite place of religious worship for official and socially correct Santa Fe.

There had been, on the site of the present cathedral, a parish church called the Parroquia, which had been almost completely ruined in the Indian insurrection of 1680, and from the beginning, San Miguel, without the walls, had been devoted to the use of those Indians who came with the *conquistadores* up from Mexico. The Castrense—camp church—had therefore become the favorite place of worship for the families who returned with De Vargas.

We know very little about the Castrense, except that in 1761 by the order of Don Antonio Marin del Valle and his wife, a tall, carved stone reredos was erected in it, and later a stone panel of Our Lady of Light. There was also a bas relief panel of San Antonio and the Child. This panel was afterward set up in the local post-office, and the Lady of Light was used over the entrance of the building occupied by the Sisters of Loretto.

In the year 1869, the Parroquia having been in some fashion rebuilt and the scheme developed for erecting it into a cathedral, the Castrense, now in a partially ruined condition, was sold, and the reredos removed to a tiny room in the new cathedral back of the high altar, with other of the venerated images and pictures. There it has recently been brought to light in pursuance of the revival of popular interest in Spanish colonial art, and it has become the focus for a movement to rehouse it suitably in a new chapel of its own.

This reredos is about thirty feet high and fifteen feet wide. It is executed in a manner that presupposes Mexican artists, as none of the Indians then in Santa Fe were capable of it, and there are, along with Spanish baroque decorations, definite traces of Indian handicraft. At the top is a panel of the Virgin and Child, and under that a Santiago, riding to assert the supremacy of Spain; still lower a large statue of San Juan of Capistrano, executed in a later style in plaster. Down each side are carved stone reliefs of the saints: Saint Joseph and Saint Ignatius on the left, Saint John of Nepomuk and Saint Francis of Solano on the right. The stone out of which it is made is warm in tone and slightly mottled, and the carving is executed with great feeling.

Altogether this reredos makes an impressive and singularly beautiful monument to the artistic achievement of colonial America, far exceeding in those qualities anything found elsewhere in the country. It is incredible that so amazing a work of religious art could remain for so long practically unknown to the devout and beauty-loving.

It is now proposed by the citizens of Santa Fe, who are widely known for their interest in the historic and artistic reminders of their colonial period, to build a suitable and commodious chapel, contiguous to the cathedral, for making the reredos accessible to the public.

The chapel will be built of the native material, adobe brick, with native *vigas* (rafters) and carved corbels in the colonial style, and it is intended to house not only the stone carvings from the Castrense there, but other of the noble and characteristic remainders of Spanish colonial religious art.

Among the most notable of these artistic relics is the wood and lacquered statuette of Our Lady of Conquest, who is very dear to the descendants of the *conquistadores*. She was brought into the country by De Vargas in 1692, in one of the high, solid wheeled *carretas,* and to her De Vargas vowed that in consideration of having her help in the reconquest of the city of Santa Fe, there should be a procession in her honor every year that the city should stand thereafter. This vow has been religiously kept for the 240 intervening years, and this procession—the oldest in America—ranks among the most endearing of the quaint customs of Santa Fe.

As she is the first of the blessed personages to be so honored, it will be natural to give her an important place in a special chapel related to the period of conquest, and it will probably be called in her name, La Conquistadora, or La Capilla de Nuestra Señora la Conquistadora.

Two other venerated relics of the colonial period will rest in the new chapel, the remains of two of the martyrs to Indian prejudice, who are now interred in the cathedral back of the high altar. It is agreed by all the sponsors of the new building that nothing unworthy of this high company shall ever be introduced in it.

As an added touch of reverent solicitude, it is proposed that a large part of the cost of the chapel (about $10,000) will be borne by the descendants of the Spanish colonists, in gifts of adobes, timbers and labor. But it is hoped that other devout souls interested in preserving what is artistically beautiful and historically sacred will count themselves among that number. When completed, the Chapel of La Conquistadora will be a unique building, and will house the oldest and most distinguished historic relics of the early Church in America.

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SCHWARZKOPF AND GOLDENHAAR

By SEAN O'FAOLAIN

AND SO Katie wired back that as the early train from Broadstone to Galway was a quick train and would not stop at Athenry, or anywhere, for more than ten minutes, Norma must come by the nine o'clock, which waited at Athenry fully twenty minutes to enable the Limerick and Clare passengers to make the connection with the West. Eagerly Norma wired her reply: "Will wait won't it be darling to meet and talk with you again of olden times dying to see you love schwarzkopf."

And so, as the morning sun began to warm the carriage, and the little rock-circled pools floated past and the telephone wires dipped and rose incessantly, she sat in the corner wondering what Katie would look like after so many long years. They had not met since they were at school together in Dublin and lived near one another in Rathfarnham, and then Norma married Captain Bell of the Ulsters, and the rest of her life was spent in places like Aldershot and Bombay and Belfast and Folkestone, until her husband retired and they went to live among the other retired colonels and captains and canons and deans in Canterbury. She had had little opportunity of seeing Katie who had married what she called, "a kind of, you know, gentleman farmer" somewhere in Clare. And they even heard from one another only at Christmas: a printed card from the one, stamped in gold with the badge of the regiment and showing inside a photograph of a review or an embarkation, a thing more chilly than the season; and from the other a card all silver powder and red robins, the best that Gort could buy, and which brought Ireland back so vividly to Norma that she would put it on her mantelpiece and show it to her friends, saying, "Ireland is just like that! So warm and personal. . . . Dear Goldhaar!"

And so all she could see as she looked dreamily at the warm boglands and the little white cabins and the school-children waving to the train, was Katie's long golden hair swinging the way it always did when she raced down the lane from the house in Rathfarnham to catch the school train. Norma, who was always much more efficient, would be out on the platform persuading the old driver to wait. Then the pair would sit, dark head to fair head—they were both proud of their long tresses—talking and laughing and hugging their brown leather satchels, little yellow-curled Katie rosy and panting from her run, Norma dark and ivory, looking with envy at her friend's complexion.

Old Sister Eunice would be waiting for them at the convent gate—a toothless old saint whose sole vice was a devouring curiosity about everything and everybody. She would lisp eagerly at them, for they were her special pets.

"And what's the newth thith morning, my dearth?"

And Katie would repeat the headings from the *Freeman's Journal,* Parnell's paper, and Norma from the *Irish Times,* the government paper.

"I thee," from Eunice. "That's the good children!" as if it were for their own good that she made them learn the news. And opening the gate wide she would allow them to pass in.

Norma could remember one morning in particular when they both forgot to look at the papers and even forgot to prepare a tale for Eunice as they sometimes did in the tram, with much chuckling over their fibs; and it so happened that it was June 7, 1886, the morning after Parnell's last great fight for Home Rule in the Commons. Good heavens! How long ago it seemed!

"And what's the newth thith morning, my dearth?" asked Eunice in a fever of excitement.

Katie had looked at her and she at Katie, and then to her dismay Katie began: "Home Rule passed by 400 votes. Triumph of Parnell. Parliament again in good old College Green."

And she had to follow with: "Mr. Gladstone surrenders to the Fenians. Dismay in England over Home Rule. Warships in Dublin Bay."

"I thee," panted Eunice. "That's the good children!" and allowed them to race in, gazing at one another with wide eyes of fright.

Norma chuckled to think how they had enjoyed the joke the whole morning until they saw Eunice coming hobbling across the garden, her face black with rage.

And so she had the carriage to herself as far as Mullingar, and she could sigh and chuckle to her heart's content. With those happy thoughts and the loveliness of the grey country on either side, she could almost wish that the journey would go on and on, leaving her to her memories and her musing that were so potent to kill the years between.

But at Mullingar a collarless, unshaven man and a red-haired woman and child got in, apparently tinker-people coming from a market or fair. The child was clasping in her hand a windmill, as they used to call them long ago, a colored cardboard cross pinned loosely to a stick, and this she held through the carriage window, watching the wind whirl it madly round and round, often looking shyly at Norma and with a happy delight at her mother who would nod and smile ingratiatingly across at "the lady." But the parents smelt none too clean, and Norma drew back her skirts and peered at the child disapprovingly as one might at some odd animal at a zoo. She could not return to her thoughts and because of this she hated this tinker and his "foxy" wife and child. To her disgust they presently produced two bottles of porter and raised them to their lips, and the child began to eat an orange with great sucking noises and to lean so far through the window that every jolt of the carriage seemed to be about to throw her head foremost on the railroad.

Norma tried not to look at the child, but when she turned away there was the tinker-woman wiping her mouth with her shawl and winking at Norma as with a great air of mutual understanding. Then the wind snatched the toy out of the child's hand, and at once a great hullabaloo started in the carriage, the child weeping and the mother crying to her to be quiet and the father cursing so loudly that the people in the next compartment began to pound on the partition. Finally, when the train slowed down into a station and Norma had fully decided to change into another compartment, the child was hurriedly calmed with a sweet and a new windmill, and tucked in beneath the seat, while with more bobbing and grinning the mother spread out her petticoats to hide the little bare legs. Norma was so horrified when the ticket-collector came that she looked up at him like a criminal and he looked down at her many times and examined her ticket with care, and before she had recovered herself the train had steamed out again.

But there in the distance she saw the roofs of Athenry, tall and squat, slate and thatch, and all smoke-bedewed and she was at the window long before the train arrived, eager to wave to Katie when she should see her on the platform.

But her heart sank as the train drew in. There was nobody to meet her, and all she could see was a porter and a hotel boy with tea-baskets, and a little old woman apparently waiting for a friend to alight. As the old woman approached, Norma saw that her eyes were streaming with tears, and then she gasped as

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she saw her waving toward her and toddling forward and leaning up to be kissed.

"Oh, Katie!" she cried, forgetting everything in her sorrow. "Oh, where are your beautiful golden tresses? Dein goldenes Haar?"

And she began to weep bitterly herself, so that the tears dropped from her nose on Katie's little bonnety hat.

"But, where," wept Katie in turn, "where are your lovely black locks?"

"Your face!" cried Norma. "Katie! Your complexion! Your hair!"

"Mein goldenes Haar?" moaned Katie. "I am an old woman. An ugly old woman."

"Why, then," cried Norma heatedly, "so am I!"

And because she loved Katie she caught her own wisps of hair and pulled them about her ears and made a hateful mocking grin that with her tears gave her face a truly ugly appearance. Then they began to laugh through their tears, and they got two tea-baskets and sat side by side in the carriage and talked as fast as they could of Rathfarnham and old Eunice and even of Home Rule and Parnell, and they wept and laughed and loved each other just as they used to do forty-six years before when they were lovely girls in their teens.

But the train seemed never to have delayed so short a while in Athenry as that day, and they had to part. From the platform Katie cried up as the whistle went:

"Aren't you coming back this way?"

"No! My son is meeting me in Galway with a car and driving all around the North to Dublin and then home."

Slowly the train began to lumber out.

"Oh! I never asked you," cried Katie, trotting after the carriage. "You have a family?"

"Three!" cried Norma proudly. "Three sons! And you?"

Katie had to halt. She held up her two hands.

"Ten!" she shouted. "Five boys and five girls!"

"Why!" screamed Norma. "No wonder you've lost your golden hair!"

"Goodbye!" cried Katie faintly, standing on her little toes and waving and weeping and pulling the most ridiculous long face.

"Goodbye!" cried Norma, leaning ever so far out of the window so that the wind blew her gray wisps into her eyes and her hat fell awry.

Then she saw that the whole train was also leaning out and waving back to Katie and cheering loudly, and as she sat back, breathless, straightening her hat and wiping her eyes, she saw the tinker and his wife nodding at one another and smiling their pity at her, and she was filled herself with love for them and delight.

"We get old," she said.

"We do, ma'am," sighed the tinker's wife.

And for the rest of the journey Norma played with the little red-haired child. But at Galway George met her, and she walked with him to the hotel—very sedately, as if she expected at every street-corner to run into a captain or a colonel or even a dean.

Lyric Love

Can I be wrongly on the way,
Or do the poets lie?
Of lyric love, they never say
The first breath is a sigh.

MARGARET TUCKER.

COMMUNICATIONS

WILL CATHOLICS VOTE FOR THOMAS?

Wheaton, Ill.

TO the Editor: I have just put down my August 31 issue of THE COMMONWEAL with a feeling of rather keen disappointment, brought to a head by the latest article of Charles Willis Thompson. I am not disappointed in Mr. Thompson, whose discussions of the campaign have interested me only because THE COMMONWEAL has seen fit to use them and to advertise them as its campaign series by an "astute correspondent," a "candid political analyst." What disappoints me is the fact that THE COMMONWEAL has chosen a correspondent of Mr. Thompson's bent as its political specialist. For his appeal, not very thinly disguised, is to mob "Catholic" feeling.

There can be no shadow of doubt among Catholics who will base their opinions in this matter upon facts—not upon that type of cliquish gossip which goes with a persecution complex—that the specifically Catholic attack upon Governor Roosevelt is emotional. Like the Protestant attack which prevented the election of Alfred E. Smith in 1928, it is ludicrous in its reasoning.

Take, for instance, the passage in which Mr. Thompson sums up the Democratic Convention, which, he is careful to point out, reacted so unfavorably upon many Catholics, "priests as well as laymen." The analyst says: "They [meaning Catholics] had seen the Democratic Convention ridden by the most bigoted of the Southern proletarians, aided by the trans-Mississippi Wheelers, whose intent was less to beat the Republican party than to stamp out forever the Atlantic States from New England to Virginia as a factor in Democratic counsels."

Mr. Thompson, it will be noted, places emphasis upon the Southern bigots. It is they whom he would have his Catholic readers remember. As one would expect Mr. Thompson to be, he is quite silent about the Senator Thomas J. Walsh whom Roosevelt insisted upon having as convention chairman, about Roosevelt's Manager Farley, about Judge Mack, who placed Roosevelt in nomination. All those gentlemen are Catholics.

The plain truth about the Democratic Convention is that it transformed the party leadership from a clique to one representative of a national organization—in the welding of which new leadership Catholics coöperated sincerely with men not of their Church. The plaint of some would appear to be that the leadership was not permitted to remain a kind of private Smith-Raskob, Eastern, metropolitan club. Many of former Governor Smith's admirers wanted it changed from that kind of club.

But if it was true, as Mr. Thompson would have us believe, that the convention was "ridden" by men wanting to "stamp out forever the Atlantic States from New England to Virginia as a factor in Democratic counsels," those men failed signally. For the party's nominee is the Governor of New York and the chairman of its national committee is New York's Farley.

Some of us in the West—Catholics in large numbers included—smile broadly at the hurt feelings of Mr. Thompson's type of Eastern Democracy. The type is so modest. It says in effect: "If the sons of wild jackasses don't let us run the whole show, it's a plain case of persecution." In this connection I remember a conversation I had during the course of the Democratic Convention with a die-hard Smith delegate from Connecticut. "People out here in the West," he told me in all confidence of conviction, "don't seem to know what's going on in the world like we do in the East."

Perhaps the delegate is right. But I wonder whether he and Mr. Thompson have pondered the fact that throughout the nation's history the West, much more than the East, has backed

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the presidential candidacies of champions of human rights. Witness Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson. History merely repeated itself in Chicago this summer. The West had confidence in the progressive record and program of Roosevelt.

A word on Mr. Thompson's panegyrics for Mr. Thomas. I should be very slow to advance an opinion that a sincere Catholic could not vote for the Socialist candidate. Nevertheless I think that few who are at all well grounded in the social philosophy of Popes Pius XI and Leo XIII will be able to reconcile the Socialist candidacy with that philosophy. This despite the fact that acceptance of the papal viewpoint would lead one to an accord with important parts of the Socialist program. But of this I am certain: Mr. Thompson's ex-cathedra assertion that Catholics "can" vote for a Socialist "if the Socialist is a Norman Thomas and the country is the United States" requires a great deal more elaboration than the writer presents.

Certainly Catholics can vote for whomever they please. But the "can" takes on a special significance when set forth with so approving a tone in a Catholic journal by a Catholic of the die-hard anti-Roosevelt pro-Smith block. The significance is altered very little by the writer's remark that he himself, an "independent," is not going to vote for Mr. Thomas.

After all, Catholic thought and expression upon the subject of Socialism has been rather thorough. It is striking, therefore, to see how easily, with what a slender array of reasons, with what little discussion of the program involved, Mr. Thompson is able to announce a sound view on Mr. Thomas's availability to the Catholics of the nation. One wonders whether Mr. Thompson has decided the Socialism issue by considering Socialism, or whether he has decided it on the basis of a peeve.

FRANK A. SMOTHERS.

Esopus, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The article entitled "Will Catholics Vote for Thomas?" by Mr. Charles Willis Thompson in your issue for August 31 is pertinent to a controversy in which I became involved several months ago. Last December, in the course of a radio talk delivered in Brooklyn at the Sunday afternoon forum of Columbus Council, Knights of Columbus, I asserted that no Catholic can consistently adhere to Socialism or vote for a political candidate pledged to Socialist principles. My statement was challenged in the letter column of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* by a number of correspondents, among whom was Mr. Norman Thomas, and the discussion continued several weeks.

In my lecture and in my subsequent letters to the *Eagle* I stressed the incompatibility of Socialism with Catholicism from the philosophic rather than from the economic standpoint. I contended that the materialistic view of human life which is a fundamental element of Socialism renders it impossible of acceptance or of approbation by a consistent Catholic. This would remain true even in the event that the Socialist tenets concerning the right to private ownership were so modified as to square with the teaching of the Catholic Church.

Of course, if a political party, while designating itself as Socialist, were committed to no principles at variance with Catholicism, a Catholic could with a clear conscience give it his support. But such a party would not be Socialist in the accepted sense of the term. We have the testimony of Cardinal Bourne that such is the case with the British Labor party, to which many Catholics belong, and which is sometimes (unfortunately) designated as "Socialist" (London *Tablet,* May 23 and June 20, 1931). Now, even though American Socialism is far removed from that type which has been so bitterly hostile to the Church in some European lands, as Mr. Thompson asserts, we have no assurance that it has rejected the fundamental philosophic principles of Socialism in the true sense of the word. On the contrary, Mr. Thomas, the outstanding leader of American Socialism, is quoted by Mr. Thompson as saying: "I make no claim to developing a new type of Socialism."

From this it would seem to follow that in the coming presidential election a Catholic may not vote for Mr. Thomas, whatever be the latter's personal integrity and abilities. For we vote, not only for the man, but also for the party principles to which he is pledged. Nor would a Catholic be justified in voting for the Socialist candidate merely as a protest against the two major parties; for despite the voter's primary motive, such a ballot would be a positive and external approval of a system that is irreconcilable with the doctrines of Catholicism.

Very appropriate are the words of Pope Pius XI in his encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno," of May 15, 1931: "Whether Socialism be considered as a doctrine or as a historical fact or as a movement, if it really remains Socialism it cannot be brought into harmony with the dogmas of the Catholic Church, even after it has yielded to truth and justice in the points we have mentioned; the reason being that it conceives human society in a way utterly alien to Christian truth. . . . Like all errors, Socialism contains a certain element of truth, and this the Sovereign Pontiffs have never denied. It is nevertheless founded upon a doctrine of human society peculiarly its own which is opposed to true Christianity. . . . No one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist."

REV. FRANCIS J. CONNELL, C.SS.R.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: As a Catholic, I believe your last leading editorial, drawing a sharp distinction between the social economic philosophy of Catholicism and the Socialist party, is utter nonsense. Logically speaking, according to you, a Catholic who votes the Socialist ticket, because he feels its economic views are cleaner and more democratic, rules himself out of the Church, or should be ruled out by THE COMMONWEAL dictators. May I ask you, how about those who regularly vote the Democratic or Republican ticket? Are the economic policies of the old parties, if you can discover them, of a character to be approved by Rome? Are they of the same pattern as the social teachings of the Church and Catholic Social Action? Your editorial would imply that they are, since the attack is centered on Socialists and not on the old parties? If my deduction is wrong, what ticket, won't you please inform us, is a Catholic to vote, since, thank the Lord, there is no Catholic ticket?

You make it pretty hard for practical men to meet the accusation that our Church is playing politics. A man has a right to his own economic and political views, and should not be advised by any religious organization on that subject.

There are Socialists of all types holding different religious views; same is true of men of other parties. Your singling out Socialism for attack reveals your bias. Nobody except a fanatic expects that Socialist gains in America will close the churches; nobody expects that its economic program could be put into life all at once. Even if Socialism should win, which is now impossible, the new economic philosophy will work gradually and by experiment. I am not a thoroughgoing Socialist, but I refuse to be scared by prejudiced people even when they hide behind church authorities. We must have political organization to carry out anything in the way of enlightened legislation and social policy. Very well, organize a party along the lines of "Reconstructing the Social Order" or let folks vote a ticket

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that has something of economic and social vision in it. No doubt, Catholic theologians and philosophers may discover points of conflict between themselves and Socialist philosophers. But what we want is a new deal on practical affairs—in industry, agriculture, finance, and social insurance. Who is going to give us these things? My answer, only those who are willing to make a fight for them, who are organizing the progressive economic and social forces for political action. We can have all those things, and still leave matters of philosophy to the theoretical brethren—Socialist or Catholic. You can have the luxury of fighting about your philosophic differences till the world's end. I can hold my own philosophic views, Socialism or no Socialism. But right now we need action, intelligent action, and economic thinking along new constructive lines. Your editorial would condemn me to inaction, for some slight philosophic differences which have nothing to do with such matters as stabilization of employment, honest prices and, in general, a chance to live and have economic security.

A point you don't consider is this: Given a 5,000,000 Socialist vote, this infusion of progressivism will remold the Socialist outlook so that it will represent American social aspirations. But it won't happen by voting old party tickets, or by doing nothing.

WALTER HAMILTON.

Los Angeles, Cal.

TO the Editor: For years I have been an avid, cover to cover reader of THE COMMONWEAL and have enthusiastically recommended it to friends, non-Catholic and Catholic, as the best of similar American publications. I fully intended to renew my own subscription and to send in one or two others for friends, but the drift of THE COMMONWEAL in the current, national, political campaign has in my opinion been so painfully wrong that I will not receive it longer and ask you to strike my name from your circulation list.

Unconsciously, and due, I think, to the parochial atmosphere of New York City whence it comes, THE COMMONWEAL is lending itself to another clever and rascally trick of the Republican party. Mr. Hoover was elected in 1928 by exciting hatred of non-Catholic against Catholic. Why not elect him this year by arraying Catholics against the non-Catholics?

Political conventions where we nominate our Presidents are not things to be proud of, but unless one's ears, listening in at the radio, deceived him and the testimony of responsible participants counts for nothing, there never was a convention in which well-considered, country-wide sentiment more nearly and with more fairness to the opposition prevailed than in the Democratic Convention at Chicago: yet the gentleman whose pen alone was permitted to comment on that gathering for THE COMMONWEAL readers saw nothing there but confusion and the lese-majesty of a revolt by the West and South against the industrial, oligarch East which happens, in spots, to be the more Catholic part of the country.

There follows in the same issue, "How Shall We Govern?" by Ralph Adams Cram, who would set Mr. Hoover up as a dictator! An article so offensive that its reading impelled one to go out at once and buy a rifle. On second thought, however, one considered the source and his environment among the deflated "captains of industry" east of the Hudson River and dismissed it as another manifestation of their defeatism run riot.

Last and most offensive "Will ["Can," meaning may] Catholics Vote for Thomas?" with its affirmative answer in your August 31 issue.

THE COMMONWEAL stands squarely and soundly on the conviction that there must be radical changes in our economic structure if it is to be preserved and we are to prevent recurrent disasters like the present. In November the American people must choose as architect and builder one of two men. One of them has demonstrated by every word and action that he has no thought other than to patch up the old dilapidated structure that has so often collapsed. The other at least knows and says that the structure is unsound, must be strengthened at its foundation—the common people. Yet in this crisis THE COMMONWEAL, through what it calls "one of the best informed and sanest political analysts in the country," suggests that utterly futile gesture, a protest vote for Mr. Thomas. To repeat, in other metaphor, the house is afire, something effective must be done at once—so, suggests THE COMMONWEAL, vote in protest.

The position of THE COMMONWEAL is so equivocal, so utterly illogical that one wonders whether it also has bartered its soul for industrialist bread and butter.

WILLIAM H. WORKMAN.

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor: Charles Willis Thompson, a sober and analytical student of politics, exhibits in his speculations under the query "Will Catholics Vote For Thomas?" (COMMONWEAL, August 31, 1932) a kind of sublimated hysteria less adapted to the thoughtful COMMONWEAL than to the normally persecuted columns of a parochial journal. It is difficult not to conclude that the disgust he imputes to "thousands of outraged and disheartened Catholics" is shared by himself. Consequently, since he discovers that Mr. Thomas is an admirable person and utters a fervent *nihil obstat* for all those who, but for fear of excommunication, would already have been determined upon a Thomistic protest, his statement, "I do not intend to vote for Thomas," makes one wonder what he does intend to do. Surely he would not abdicate the throne of citizenship. Yet, if he intends to cast his lot with Father Cox, why does he make straight the way of his fellow Catholics to a quasi-heterodox outlet for this irrepressible protest? Perhaps it is expected that the awful spectacle of conscientious communicants rushing precipitately to the tepid tenets of American Socialism will move the country to prefer devout papists to irresponsible pariahs as the much less disturbing of two evils.

Mr. Thompson is obviously reacting or responding to the reaction against the defeat of Alfred E. Smith in the Democratic Convention this summer. That is the germ of Catholic disgust. The defeat may have been caused by bigotry, but bigotry in this instance must not be confused with the blunders of politicians. If bigotry played a part in Smith's defeat this year, it was certainly aided and abetted by the tardy unleashing of the Smith campaign. Smith carried the Houston convention, and the inexorable discipline which followed in the wake of the 1928 election had produced a chastened attitude that waited long for the call to redemption. If Roosevelt defeats Hoover, it will be gratuitous to assume that bigotry would have defeated Smith.

It is easy for us to linger in the sympathy that envelops the persecuted, and difficult to reject the romantic cloak of martyrdom even though objective appraisal renders us but truants. A Catholic who believes in the constructive soundness of Mr. Thomas's program would be intellectually dishonest and therefore quite uncatholic to support another candidate. But a Catholic who follows Mr. Thomas merely because he wishes to be a protestant against what this time is largely the inertia of his own representatives, will show symptoms of a myopia which is erroneously but sometimes excusably thought to be a characteristic of the Gaelic temperament.

RICHARD JOYCE SMITH.

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Pigeon Cove, Mass.

TO the Editor: In publishing Charles Willis Thompson's "Will Catholics Vote For Thomas?", you have done a necessary and courageous thing. Should you not do more?

The literate Catholic, whom you represent, is acutely irritated when the Southern Democrat votes Republican for the worthy purpose of keeping the Papal Guards out of West Point and His Holiness himself off the White House lawn. To that Catholic the Bible-belter's fear-inspired hate of Romanism is very sad.

The reception which the Catholic proletariat gives to Socialism is equally disconcerting to the Socialist and for equally good reason. The Catholic worker feels—and his more enlightened brethren do nothing to disillusion him—that American Socialism is based upon some assumption which is incompatible with his faith.

There are Catholics, Sir, who, besides being eager to register a protest vote against the two major parties, are desirous of contributing their support to a movement of political and industrial reorganization, of social revolution. To many of them the Socialist party seems to be that movement. They are prevented from joining it by a vague conviction that somewhere in the groundwork of Socialism is something definitely anti-Catholic.

Would you not be doing a service to those Catholics as well as to America in opening your pages to a discussion of the point—to a dispassionate study of the principles, aims and tactics of the Socialist party of America? Then, perhaps, in addition to giving an affirmative answer to the question, "Can a Catholic vote for a Socialist?" you might find yourself giving one to the more important demand, "Can a Catholic be a Socialist?"

HARRY E. WHEELER.

Alexandria, Va.

TO the Editor: I have read with interest Mr. Thompson's article "Will Catholics Vote for Thomas?," in the recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL.

It puzzles me to see how Mr. Thompson can reconcile his statement that a Catholic can vote for a Socialist, "if the Socialist is Norman Thomas and the country is the United States," with the very plain condemnation of Socialism in the Pope's encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno."

No matter to what admiration Mr. Thomas's personal ideals and qualities entitle him, it seems to me that he is inevitably identified with the tenets of Socialism, and he expressly declares to Mr. Thompson, "I make no claim to developing a new type of Socialism," and in a letter to *Time* (August 29) writes: "By no means do I disbelieve that the international quality of true Socialism has to be soft-pedaled in this country . . . because I am an international Socialist I do not regard my Socialism as in some strange way essentially unique."

Our Holy Father condemns not only Communism but even the more moderate section of Socialism in no uncertain terms, and Section 39 of "Quadragesimo Anno" ends with these words: "If, like all errors, Socialism contains a certain element of truth (and this the Sovereign Pontiffs have never denied), it is nevertheless founded on a doctrine of human society peculiarly its own, which is opposed to true Christianity. 'Religious Socialism,' 'Christian Socialism,' are expressions implying a contradiction in terms. No one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist."

ELLEN C. BURKE.

We regret that it is impossible to give space to all letters received on this subject.—The Editors.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Budget

ALTHOUGH this "comedy of our times" will probably have passed from the record of current productions before these words appear in print, it serves admirably as a little text for a few comments on some of the things which are obviously wrong with the stage today. "The Budget," you understand, was not half as bad as most of the newspaper critics made out. It was too long. It lacked sparkle, and Hugh Ford's directing failed to give it much sense of reality. But it had the makings of a passable comedy of suburban life during the depression. Some of its lines were good and much of its sketchy characterization was up to the average standard of plays of this type. It had every intention of being a "clean" play. In more prosperous theatrical days, it might have had a modest run. But these are unusual days, days when people buy their entertainment with as much care as they buy shoes or clothes. The one thing that cannot possibly hope to prosper on our depression stage is mediocrity—and "The Budget" was distinctly mediocre, as even its actor-author, Robert Middlemass, should have realized.

Now the particular point I wish to make is this—that decency in the theatre suffers a severe shock every time it is allowed to be sponsored by mediocre ability. Theatrical managers, as a group, are sure to exclaim at once that "the public doesn't want" decent plays. They forget that season after season a certain number of decent plays have prospered (obviously because they were well written and well acted) and that in each season a large number of indecent plays have failed miserably, because they were poorly written and none too well acted. If some eight years of steady theatre-going have proved anything to me, it is the simple fact that the public has no set taste as to theme and subject-matter for plays, no unabashed preference for vicariously enjoyed vice, and no dislike for clean-minded simplicity, but that it has a full-fledged abhorrence for plays of jerky and careless dramatic construction, for plays whose characters are smudgily drawn, for plays which fail to create and maintain the illusion of reality, and, above all, for plays that have no inner dramatic force. A play, for example, that settles its problem by some purely accidental happening, instead of forcing its characters to find their own solution, has no inner drama. It is like a murder story in which the villain is killed by a stroke of lightning instead of being trapped by the detective. Eight out of ten unsuccessful plays have this major defect. The others simply fail to tie the loose strings together or are written to exploit some one sensational scene or subject. The public has an instant and keen appreciation of good play-writing and has a deadly accurate dislike of tricky, inept or mediocre work.

The theatrical managers, however, seem to have no understanding of this simple fact. Probably they are too close to their product to get a sane and reasonable perspective. Certainly they are so involved in it that they can never profit from well-meaning criticism and resent (as they have a right to) the flip and jaunty wise-cracks that are frequently substituted for criticism. And so it happens that when a mediocre play like "The Budget" scores a predictable failure, the managerial resentment turns more and more against simple decency and sets out with fresh determination to discover sensational filth. Just for the sake of the record, let us remind ourselves that such plays as "Cradle Song" can and do become the outstanding successes of a season, and that for many years the simple and spark-

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ling comedies of Frank Craven and of George Cohan have produced well-earned profits.

Strange Interlude

INTERNAL screen censorship has done several curious things to Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." It has taken from it every vestige of that pseudo-mystical universality which somehow made it rise above the commonplace inferences of its theme. On the screen, it is merely a story, told with the technical assistance of the "asides." All of those lines of Nina Leeds which, however warped they may have been in their mystical philosophy served to make her the universal type of overpossessive womanhood, have been eliminated, presumably as too "highbrow" for picture audiences. It was largely those lines, delivered with the fierce intensity of Lynn Fontanne at her best, which lifted the original stage play to a certain tragic importance. Then, too, the crucial matter of the infanticide has been omitted. In the play, Nina is already with child when her mother-in-law discloses the history of the Evans insanity. The implications were both morbid and horrible. But they did set the note of tragedy, as do deeds of horror in the Shakespearean or Greek tragedies.

The "Strange Interlude" of the screen is simply the story of a woman who becomes fearful of having a child by her husband and who therefore takes another father for her child in order to satisfy the parental instincts of her husband. The resulting triangle of conflicting emotions thus becomes a theatrical platitude. In the play, Nina is a woman afraid of herself and of God, unwilling to trust the curative power of nature, but desirous of possessing every form of love. This leads to the powerful though repulsive scene in which she exults in the possession of all her men—the husband, the lover, the devoted and innocuous Charlie and her child. Few plays have ever brought the drama of the sin of possessiveness to a sharper point. In the screen version, all of this is lost.

I think it is the essential change in the character of the play itself, rather than the abilities of the actors, which makes the performances of the screen players seem inadequate. Norma Shearer is a lovely picture as Nina, but lacks all sense of greatness—as does the altered play itself. Clark Gable, who plays the Ned Darrell, is capable in the earlier scenes, but utterly lacks the ferocious bitterness in the latter part which Glenn Anders seemed to bring from the depths of his soul. Ralph Morgan is an excellent Charlie Marsden, but the temper of the screen play has robbed the character of Charlie of much of its meaning. He now becomes almost comedy relief.

The matter of the "asides," on the other hand, is a more workable convention as handled on the screen. We hear the voices of the characters as if we were able to read their thoughts. Their lips do not move. This is an improvement over the stiff attitudes in which the stage characters were forced to speak their innermost thoughts. The asides still lack, however, as they did on the stage, any true subjective quality. They are merely conscious thoughts which the characters are concealing from each other.

The one major defect of the play still remains. The characters start out as young people in the early twenties. Some twenty-two years later (judged by the fact that Nina's child has just graduated from college) we find Nina and Charlie and Sam Evans old people who walk and talk as if they were in the early seventies, stoop-shouldered and quavering. In point of plain fact, none of them can be over fifty. This goes far on the screen, as in the original play, to break the illusion. (At the Astor Theatre.)

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NEXT WEEK

DISTRIBUTISM AGAIN, by G. K. Chesterton, prods the problem of problems with us all on the terrestrial globe at present, the strange paradox, not of Mr. Chesterton's own invention, of starvation in the midst of plenty, of dire mortal want in the midst of more wheat, coffee, beefsteak, manufactured commodities—though less beer—than has ever been agglomerated in space-time before. Needless to say, what he says is pithy and stimulating to thought, dangerous though this may be for some who cannot stand such stimulation and prefer to hide in a corner. . . . THE AMERICAN AND EUROPE, by Gouverneur Paulding, is a far more profound discussion of the hope of internationalism, a limited and realistic internationalism, than one is commonly treated to. It is distinguished by the Thomistic touch, the little something that makes all the difference in the world between empty generalizations and a clear sight of large things as they are and in their right proportions. . . . THE TWILIGHT OF THE PARTIES, by William C. Murphy, jr., of the Washington Bureau of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* combines a little history with news. That is, it is up-to-the-minute news, seen against a historical background which explains present developments and the probable course of future developments in the basic facts of American government for the people and by the people. . . . MY SEASONABLE PATHS, by Robert Sparks Walker, is an interlude from problems, a walk in the woods with a man who has stood still, very still, and observed, and fortunately, more fortunate than the average person who has been delighted in doing this, he knows the names of the small things he sees and something about them. . . . Also, the reawakening drama will be dealt with as she is by Richard Dana Skinner, books will be reviewed, and our editorials will state some earnest convictions, while no doubt a poet or two will manage to slip in.

BOOKS

Modern Poets

Thurso's Landing and Other Poems, by Robinson Jeffers. New York: Liveright, Incorporated. $2.50.

Preludes for Memnon, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Thrust at the Sky, by MacKnight Black. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.00.

Conquistador, by Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

The Flowering Stone, by George Dillon. New York: The Viking Press. $1.75.

Triumphal March, by T. S. Eliot. London: Faber and Faber.

Red Roses for Bronze, by H. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Ten Poems, by Kathleen Tankersley Young. New York: Parnassus Press.

The Dark Land, by Kathleen Tankersley Young. Ithaca, New York: Dragon Press.

The Signature of Pain, by Alan Porter. New York: John Day Company. $2.50.

The Poems of Wilfred Owen. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

"NEITHER men nor gods nor booksellers," said Horace, "will put up with middling poets," but we have here ten indications that he was wrong. Of the four ways of being middling—bad, dull, thin or imperfect—Mr. Robinson Jeffers and Mr. MacKnight Black, Mr. Conrad Aiken and Mr. Archibald MacLeish choose the first. They are the venders of loose emotion.

Even Mr. Jeffers's detractors, such as Mr. Alan Reynolds Thompson in a recent *Bookman,* concede him poetic power while they deplore his subject-matter. But the cruelties, portents, incests, adulteries of his narratives are matched in many classic Elizabethan plays where, however, the poetic details from line to line justify the assumed intensity of a violent subject. In one of the better passages from "Thurso's Landing," the latest narrative, a wife berates her husband:

> "If I had to stay here
> I'd turn stone too; cold and dark: I'd give a dollar
> For a mirror now, and show you that square face of yours
> Taken to pieces with amazement: you never guessed
> Helen's a shrew. Oh, what do you want her for?
> Let her go."

The following quotation is from a similar situation in Marston's "The Malcontent," a very indifferent Elizabethan play:

> "O judgment, where have been my eyes? what
> Bewitched election made me dote on thee?
> What sorcery made me love thee?"

There is no phrase in Mr. Jeffers to match "bewitched election," and, whereas Marston's rhythm and poetic texture convey the passion of loss, the first quotation expresses only an undistinguished exasperation. The chronicler says that Marston is buried "under the stone which hath written on it, *Oblivioni Sacrum";* I propose to exhume Marston and place Mr. Jeffers under so apt an epitaph: "Dedicated to oblivion."

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Mr. MacKnight Black by being self-conscious about modern inventions—he describes a telephone conversation thus:

> "Carbon granules danced; powdery, black, they shook
> Words whole into his ear"—

expresses the "machine age." His book, "Thrust at the Sky," has some of Mr. Jeffers's reputation, and all of his faults.

In "Preludes for Memnon," Mr. Conrad Aiken continues to mumble Freudian nothings in a musical monotone—the Freudians seem to have invented the word "neurotic" for themselves. As monotonous and pretentious as Mr. Aiken (they both express our age), Mr. Archibald MacLeish has Bernal Diaz retell the history of the conquest of Mexico in a long narrative poem, "Conquistador." The rhythms of the book are a messy paste stolen chiefly from Ezra Pound (a fine poet). I have read Mr. MacLeish for years now, and conclude that he is hopelessly self-piteous. All four of these books are morally subversive for they encourage loose emotion, and, God knows, we have enough cluttering our lives.

Mr. George Dillon's "The Flowering Stone" is middling in the second way—it is dull, too dull to be harmful. This is true, also, of "Triumphal March," Mr. T. S. Eliot's latest poem, which is a mannered and ridiculous performance. Nevertheless, he has written distinguished (if sometimes thin) poetry, which we may have overvalued once because it was pertinent to our lives. To this third class of thin poetry belongs "Red Roses for Bronze" by H. D. At least one song from this book, "Where Is the Nightingale," is very beautiful and will be remembered. Likewise, two books by Miss Kathleen Tankersley Young, "Ten Poems" and "The Dark Land," are sensitive minor poetry, completely subjective but without self-pity.

The last two books are neither bad, dull nor thin, but rather imperfect. The slighter is Mr. Alan Porter's "Signature of Pain," but, here, even such an indifferent poem as the title one offers something which others may refine, whereas H. D. is the last refinement of a decaying tradition, although a better poet. The greater is "The Poems of Wilfred Owen," which is at last reissued. Owen was killed in the last days of the war, aged twenty-five. In his preface he wrote: "My subject is war, and the pity of war"; his lines are imperfect but powerful and dignified; in contrast to the first four poets here treated, he is not privately pathetic; he does not break down and cry.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM.

Saint Thomas Today

Contemporary Philosophy and Thomistic Principles, by Reverend R. G. Bandas, Ph.D. Agg., S.T.D. et M.; with an Introduction by Reverend J. S. Zybura, Ph.D. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $4.50.

NEO-SCHOLASTICISM, in order to justify its claim to be the *philosophia perennis,* must not only offer a convincing explanation of the nature of the world on its own account, but must in addition explain the explanations of rival philosophies. Dr. Bandas's book represents a valuable step in this direction, by way of ranging the principal types of contemporary philosophical theory next to parallel expositions of the Thomistic solutions of the same problems. Dr. Bandas reveals a thorough knowledge of Thomism and a wide acquaintance with the literature of contemporary non-Scholastic philosophy. Idealism, modern realism, pragmatism and the various types of spiritualistic and materialistic evolutionism are presented concisely in their main assumptions and conclusions, and then criticized on the basis of Thomistic principles.

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The virtue of this book is that it seeks a common ground of discussion between Scholastics and non-Scholastics, by suggesting the ways in which Thomism can assimilate the constructive contributions of contemporary philosophy without losing its own character and organic unity. The capacity of Thomism for such assimilation, and its claim to be based solely on reason and experience, are emphasized in the Introduction by Dr. Zybura. Neo-Scholasticism is not to be a system of apologetics; if it presents itself in this light, it will fail completely in achieving its proper goal.

Considering the difficulty of giving a synoptic view of modern philosophy, and of its relation to Thomism, in a single volume, Dr. Bandas has done an excellent piece of work. The book is well authenticated, readable and suggestive. The obvious disadvantage of such a work is that it may be taken as a sufficient answer to the need for relating Thomism to contemporary philosophical views. Many an adherent of Scholasticism, in the university or seminar, may be tempted to rest his case on the necessarily sketchy arguments presented in this book, and to use it as a manual of "replies to objections," in the spirit of an apologist. Such a use will tend to close the door of sympathy and understanding between Scholastics and non-Scholastics, which the author has attempted to open.

It is manifestly beyond the scope and intentions of this work to give an exposition of contemporary philosophical movements such as can suffice for a full understanding of them. Likewise, the method of parallel exposition needs to be supplemented, to a greater extent than has been possible in this volume, by the endeavor to restate contemporary theories in Scholastic terminology, and vice versa. It is to be hoped that Dr. Bandas, and other competent Thomist scholars, will carry on the work which has been commenced here, through more detailed studies of contemporary philosophical schools, undertaken in a spirit of sympathetic detachment which will overcome the prevailing tendency of non-Scholastic thinkers to look upon the New Scholasticism as a division of Catholic apologetics.

ERNEST A. MOODY.

The Magician

Sir Walter Scott, by John Buchan. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $3.75.

HERE we are, one hundred years after Sir Walter's death. Is it a matter of any importance that he actually lived? No doubt the author of "Waverley" would have replied that the past is always and everywhere significant to the present. This was the creed upon which he based such work as was given him to do, and from which he derived a joy neither leisure nor labor could remove. Now comes Mr. Buchan to show, in a biography written with friendly fidelity, that Scott's faith was a boon to his country and age. "He saved his land from the narrow rootless gentility and the barren utilitarianism of the illuminates; he gave her confidence by reopening to her the past; and he blended into one living tradition many things which the shallow had despised and the dull had forgotten."

Concerning Scott the man, his loves and trials, sojourns and voyages, we have of course long since known all things needful. Mr. Buchan follows Lockhart without further ado, though he reckons carefully with all later critical material. His point is rather to manifest what Sir Walter really did in the world. And so there is necessarily a prelude regarding this world, wisely (one thinks) restricted to Scotland, since an attempt to delineate the Europe of the time as a whole would be either vague or voluminous. This prelude, which works its way into the book

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as a whole, seems to me the best part of what Mr. Buchan offers, being effectively simple as well as "soaked in experience."

It is difficult to write about Scott's poetry since, though it is hardly what anybody today associates with the muse, it is often (in the literal sense) confoundedly interesting. Mr. Buchan's skill in dealing with it is but mediocre, I think, though to be sure he is here rather a lover than a critic. But the survey of the novels is admirable. "In 'Ivanhoe,'" we are told, "Scott opened a new lode in the mine of his fancy, a vein of poorer but most marketable ore. The great novels are after all those which extend from 'Waverley' through 'Guy Mannering' and 'Rob Roy' to 'The Heart of Midlothian.'" Nevertheless the "marketable ore" was part of the great magician's basic material.

This is a very good book about a truly great and admirable citizen. While never approximating philosophic criticism (perhaps the solely valuable form of criticism), it is well designed to reach that average lover of books upon whom hale literary immortality ultimately depends.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

He Made Good

The Giant Swing, by W. R. Burnett. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE THIRD novel by the author of "Little Caesar" and "Iron Man," shows a falling off both in conception and performance. As in his other books, it is the American scene which the author has chosen to render, but the plot and the characterization generally fall short of his first efforts. It is the old story of the town genius who goes to the big city to make good—in this case, a rather commonplace type of young man who has developed a talent for piano-pounding that wins him a place in the local dance-hall. There he is "discovered" by Sorel, the only educated musician in that small Ohio town.

When Sorel asks Joe to tell him about his music, Joe says: "I been fooling around with a couple of little pieces. Just for fun, you see. . . . It's the sounds I hear sometimes in the yards. The train whistles, you know, and sometimes bells. They make harmony when they stop and sort of vibrate."

"Sorel couldn't take his eyes from Joe's face. He had never had such a shock in his life. This young man with the vulgar air and the pleated pants and pomaded hair, preoccupied with overtones, with music, pure music, in short."

The upshot of it all is that the genius finally takes the $800 he has saved from the dance-hall period and follows his preceptor, who has gone some months before, to that far-away fabulous city of New York. The author does not tell us how long he remains in that enchanted realm, but the plot requires that he must make good or the story cannot go on; and he accordingly is next encountered on his return to Middleburg after his musical extravaganza, "The Giant Swing," has been running for over a year in New York.

The climax of the story is the great opening performance in his home town. To this the author devotes a scant two pages. Of his hero at the end of the performance he says: "He jammed on his hat and hurried down the street leaving behind that magnificent illusion of the past. . . . It was all over: the ghost had been laid. He was on the wrong side of time now, set for oblivion." The author's vigorous style will carry the average reader through the pages of this short novel, and he will probably even register a certain sensation of pleasure at the end. There is a very thin vein of love interest running throughout. The story suggests the elementary state of a good burlesque.

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Briefer Mention

The Keys of Power, by J. Abbott. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $6.00.

SINCE the best way to find clues to the primitive mind is to assemble traditions still extant among peoples "unspoiled" by modern life, Mr. Abbott's book is an estimable performance indeed. The literature of the subject has not been ignored, but the author has commendably preferred to gather data at first hand. He offers a surprising wealth of lore classified according to topics which sometimes interlap but which usually have a ritualistic and symbolistic importance of their own. Among the most interesting chapters is that devoted to the evil eye, though most of the volume is so entertaining in its analysis of various "powers" as not to seem dryly scholarly at all. The present reviewer is not prepared to say how much of Mr. Abbott's work is original, but he has a fancy that the book is in many respects an indispensable treatise based on new material as well as on a fresh point of view.

The Legacy of Alexander: A History of the Greek World from 323 to 146 B.C., by Max Cary. New York: The Dial Press. $4.00.

CONCERNING the events which followed the death of Alexander the Great most students are poorly informed. Dr. Cary, editor of a newly projected history of the Greek and Roman world, now offers a general survey which has the twin advantages of scholarship and clarity. The first and longest section deals with political and military events in a period distraught by many dynasty conflicts. There follows an interesting and well-balanced account of cultural, religious and social trends. In our opinion no other book in English affords so much to the general reader interested in the period.

Salesman from the Sidelines, by McCready Huston. New York: Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $2.50.

MR. HUSTON has employed his fine talent in writing the story of Knute Rockne the salesman. As is still remembered, the eminent coach devoted not a little of his time to automobile salesmanship, figuring prominently in this activity with the Studebaker and Graham-Paige organizations. But he was also a "born salesman" in other respects as well. We suppose the advertising and selling gentry will be interested in the book.

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